

FEBRUARY, 1956

Fifty Cents

NUGGET

ENTERTAINMENT
IN A LIGHTER MOOD



THE MERMAIDS' ISLAND

SOPHIA LOREN

SULTRY
"SIZZLE"

SOMERSET MAUGHAM - ERSKINE CALDWELL

TRAVEL

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"Wake up Humphrey. It's 1956!"

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FEBRUARY, 1956

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WELCOME once more to NUGGET'S session of your favorite fireside entertainment. For informal diversion in a lighter mood, turn the pages and relax. Remember, it's cold outside.



If you're the type that's afraid of bears Miss Dolores Donlan, our hostess this month, assures us the one above is quite harmless and the fire is quite warm.

NUGGET

Contents
FEBRUARY 1956

ENTERTAINMENT
IN A
LIGHTER
MOOD

humor

	PAGE
BOCCACCIO'S "THE NIGHTINGALE"	Sam Deitsch Jr. 12
SOUTH OF PULITZER	Ira Wallach 23
SHIKARRI DAYS	P. G. Wodehouse 35
LYRIC WITH A LEER	Joe E. Lewis 45
2nd VISIT TO FRANCE	53

special feature

HELIOPOLIS	John L. Underwood 16
------------	----------------------

fiction

RED	W. Somerset Maugham 4
MY OLD MAN AND THE GYPSY QUEEN	Erskine Caldwell 6
THE INNOCENT	Graham Greene 26
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE	Rod Gallagher 42
REMNANTS OF THE CODE	O. Henry 50
ROLANDE AND THE BLACK SASH	J. G. Darius 58
I'M NO KID	Hal Ellson 64

pictorial

A YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT	8
BOBSLEDDING	Al Silverman 28
SOPHIA LOREN	37
HAPPY NEW YEAR	Andre de Dienes 48
RARA AVIS	Zoltan Glass 70

departments

BEDTIME STORIES	68
POST SCRIPTS	73

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by W. Somerset Maugham

RED

"It seems to me that the places where men have loved or suffered keep about them always some faint aroma of something that has not wholly died."

THE skipper thrust his hand into one of his trouser pockets and with difficulty (for they were not at the sides but in front and he was a portly man), pulled out a large silver watch. He looked at it and then looked again at the declining sun. The Kanaka at the wheel gave him a glance, but did not speak. The skipper's eyes rested on the island they were approaching. A white line of foam marked the reef. He knew there was an opening large enough to get his ship through, and when they came a little nearer he counted on seeing it. They had nearly an hour of daylight still before them. In the lagoon the water was deep and they could anchor comfortably. The chief of the village which he could already see among the coconut trees was a friend of the mate's, and it would be pleasant to go ashore for the night.

The mate came forward at that minute and the skipper turned to him.

"We'll take a bottle of booze along with us and get some girls in to dance," he said.

"I don't see the opening," said the mate.

He was a Kanaka, a handsome, swarthy fellow, with somewhat the look of a later Roman emperor, inclined to stoutness; but his face was fine and clean-cut.

"I'm dead sure there's one right here," said the captain, looking through his glasses. "I can't understand why I can't pick it up. Send one of the boys up the mast to have a look."

The mate called one of the crew and gave him the order. The captain watched the Kanaka climb and waited for him to speak. But the Kanaka shouted down that he could see nothing but the unbroken line of foam. The captain spoke Samoan like a native, and he cursed him freely.

"Shall he stay up there?" asked the mate.

"What the hell good does that do?" answered the captain. "The blame fool can't see worth a cent. You bet your sweet life I'd find the opening if I was up there."

He looked at the slender mast with anger. It was all very well for a native who had been used to climbing up coconut trees all his life. He was fat and heavy.

"Come down," he shouted. "You're no more use than a dead dog. We'll just have to go along the reef till we find the opening."

It was a seventy-ton schooner with paraffin auxiliary, and it ran, when there was no head wind, between four and five knots an hour. It was a bedraggled object; it had been painted white a very long time ago, but it was now dirty, dingy, and mottled. It smelt strongly of paraffin and of the copra which was its usual cargo. They were within a hundred feet of the reef now and the captain told the steersman to run along it till they came to the opening. But when they had gone a couple of miles he realized that they had missed it. He went about and slowly worked back again. The white foam of the reef continued without interruption and now the sun was setting. With a curse at the stupidity of the crew the skipper resigned himself to waiting till next morning.

"Put her about," he said. "I can't anchor here."

They went out to sea a little and presently it was quite dark. They anchored. When the sail was furled the ship began to roll a good deal. They said in Apia that one day she would roll right over; and the owner, a German-American who managed one of the largest stores, said that no money was big enough to induce him to go out in her. The cook, a Chinese in white trousers, very dirty and ragged, and a thin white tunic, came to say that supper was ready, and when the skipper went into the cabin he found the engineer already seated at table. The engineer was a long, lean man with a scraggy neck. He was dressed in blue overalls and a sleeveless jersey which showed his thin arms tattooed from elbow to wrist.

"Hell, having to spend the night outside," said the skipper.

The engineer did not answer, and they ate their supper in silence. The cabin was lit by a dim oil lamp. When they had eaten the canned apricots with which the meal finished the Chink brought them a cup of tea. The skipper lit a cigar and went on the upper deck. The island now was only a darker mass against the night. The stars were very bright. The only sound was the ceaseless breaking of the surf. The skipper sank into a deckchair and smoked idly. Presently three or four members of the crew came up and sat down.

(Continued on page 14)

My Old Man

and the Gypsy

Queen

by Erskine Caldwell

A thunderstorm that had been threatening all morning came up while we were eating dinner, but it only sprinkled a little after all. As soon as the shower passed over, my old man got his hat and went down the street to the stores. The sun had come out now again, and in a little while it felt as if there had never been a drop of rain.

While I was sitting there waiting, I heard horses and wagons not far off. It sounded as if there were a lot of them, and the thud of their hooves and the creaking harness leather came closer every minute. I got up and went out to the middle of the street where I could see better. About halfway to the next corner I saw my old man walking up the middle of the street, waving his arms almost every step, and right behind him were five or six two-horse teams pulling wagons with canvas covered tops. My old man was waving his arms and trotting a little, and looking back over his shoulder every few steps.

When they got in front of our house, Pa stopped and waved his arms at the drivers, and they pulled the teams over to the side and hitched them to the fence posts. During all the time they were tying up the horses, Pa was waving his arms and urging them to hurry. Then the drivers came running behind Pa while he led them around the corner of the house to the backyard. There were a lot of women and kids inside the covered wagons, and they began piling out, too. Soon it looked as if there were about twenty or thirty people coming towards the house. The women were dressed in long bright-colored skirts that touched the ground, and every one of them wore a red, or yellow, or bright green scarf over her head. The men were dressed like anybody else, except that they wore unbuttoned vests without coats. The kids didn't have on much of anything at all. The grown people and the kids were as dark as Indians, and all of them had long black hair.

The men followed Pa around to the backyard, and the women scattered in all directions, some going up on the porch and some hurrying around to the backyard. All the kids, though, dived under the house right away. Our house, like everybody else's in Sycamore, was built high off the ground so the air could circulate under the rooms and cool them off in hot weather.

Two of the women walked through the front door just as if they lived there. I stooped down and looked under the house to see what the kids were doing, and I saw three or four of them hopping around like rabbits on four feet. Just then the screen door on the front porch slammed shut, and I looked up and saw one of the women run down the steps with something tucked in her arms. She went straight to

one of the wagons, put something inside, and ran back to the house again.

I ran around to the backyard right away. The men were looking in the woodshed, in the stable, and everywhere else they could. Some of them were turning over boards and sticks of wood as if they were looking for something. While I was watching them, Handsome came leaping out the kitchen door with one of the long-skirted women behind. He ran straight to the woodshed and got inside.

"Now, let's just take it calm and easy," Pa said to one of the men wearing a vest. "I want to make some swaps as much as anybody, but I can't think what I'm doing if I'm rushed. Let's just take it easy and talk things over."

Nobody paid any attention to what my old man said, because everyone was busy looking at things and dashing about. One of the men went to the woodshed and stepped inside. Handsome came out as fast as he could.

Just then I heard Ma scream at the top of her voice inside the house. She had been taking a nap, and it sounded as if the women had waked her out of her sleep and scared her. It wasn't long until Ma came tearing out of the house.

"What's going on, Morris?" Ma said, "Who are all these strange people, anyway? I was sound asleep when I woke up and saw two women I'd never laid eyes on before in all my life. They were taking the sheets off the bed!"

"Now, just be calm, Martha," Pa said. "I'll have things straightened out in no time. I'll fix things right in a jiffy."

"But who on earth are these strange people?" Ma said.

"They're just some gypsies I met downtown who said they wanted to make some swaps with me. I invited them to come up where we could talk things over. There's a lot of odds and ends about the place that have needed swapping for a long time. I'll be glad to get them out of the way."

Two of the women come out of the house and went up to Ma. Ma backed off, but they pinned her in a corner and started talking so fast nobody could understand what they were saying. One of them began to dance up and down and wave her arms. Then one of the men came to the porch and told Ma the women wanted to swap her for her dress. Ma told them she didn't want to swap her dress, but the women didn't pay her any heed at all.

The kids that had been crawling around under the house came out with my baseball bat and a fielder's glove and raced around the corner of the porch towards the wagons. I started after them, but when I got to the corner, I decided I'd better not try to stop them just then. I called Handsome and told him what they had taken, but he said it would be

(Continued on page 11)

My old man was standing there with just his underwear on, and he looked like he didn't know what to do.





A YOUNG MAN owned a cat with which he was wont to sport, and which he greatly loved. Day and night he prayed to Venus, that she would show favour to him and to his cherished pet. The kindly goddess heard his prayer, and changed the cat into the most beautiful of maidens,
(Continued on following page)

Photographic studies:
 cats by Walter Chandoha,
 the girl by Roland Carre,
 and Andre' Belorgey

Be careful what you wish for...



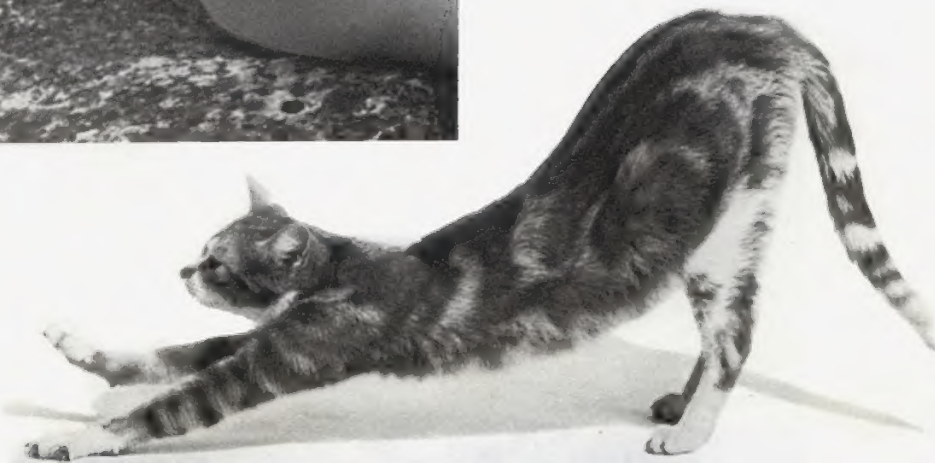
...you may
get it...



...and regret it.

whom the youth married that very day. But alas! even on their wedding night, when the bride lay clasped in her husband's arms, she heard a mouse scamper across the room, and leaped lightly from her bed to pursue it. Venus, angry at this profanation of wifehood, and perceiving that, however altered in form, a cat remains a cat at heart, changed her back into a beast, in order that soul and body might be in conformity.

Æsop's Fables



Boccaccio's

The Nightingale

A cool variation
on the theme

by Sam Deitsch, Jr.
and Gordon Carey

When the Bard of the Decameron wrote his famous tale about the girl who fell asleep with her lover "holding him by that which a lady will not speak of by name," he had to take his chances on interpretations like this one

THE hipster and his girl, Franny, were standing in the lobby of the big New York apartment house in which Franny lived with her parents, and they were cursing the curfew that parted them at this time each night just when they most longed to stay together.

"Why couldn't we work something like they did in 'The Nightingale'?"

"Nightingale?"

"That story by Boccaccio."

"Boccaccio?" asked Franny.

"Fill me in."

"It happened hundreds of years ago in this small, swinging resort town Romagna, in Italy."

"What?"

"I'm telling it."

Of all the cats that live high in Easy Street, Lizio da Valbona, his wife, Giacomia, and his daughter, Caterina, swing the most. These days Lizio would boast a Jag, a six-door Caddy, and a motorcycle jacket with an eagle on the front and back. Insiders figure him for a cool million lira after taxes. But this is the story of Caterina, the daughter, a fairly lush chick in her own right, who has a pair of the most beautiful . . .

Anyway, Lizio digs his daughter so much that he allows only the coolest of cats to pull her coat. So now we come to a stud by the name of Ricciardo, who

headed the stag line at many of the Valbona's debutante parties. Mr. and Mrs. V., having checked the kid's Dunn & Bradstreet, figure he can park his Caddy next to theirs as long as he keeps his nose clean. As for the two kids, they dig each other the most, to say the least. But since Ricciardo is a firm believer in not buying cows when you can get milk for nothing, and trying on his shoes before he buys them, he has other ideas.

One night, after a particularly big meal of raw oysters, raw clams, and raw eggs, he gets a little tired of sitting around on his hands. Turning to C. he said, "Forsooth, C., thou can't no longer permit me to languish for the love of you."

"Man, this 'forsooth' jazz is a chiller," C. replied sweetly. "You move me the end. But alas, Ricky, the folks are coming on square and are no longer letting me do the sleeping-over-at-my-girl-friend's bit."

Ricky, however, being a chap of no small resources, devises a shrewd scheme.

"Listen, angel, you figure out some dodge to haul your sleeping bag out on the balcony. This done, I will climb up into your arms."

"Solid, man, you come on like Errol Flynn and I'll do the scene from 'Up in Mabel's Room'."

They kiss, and Ricciardo whispers, tongue-in-cheek (his tongue in her cheek), "Later."

Next a.m. Caterina says, "Mums, about that heat last night. I didn't catch my usual forty and I sweated like sixty."

"So what am I supposed to be? A low pressure area?"

"Mums, you're a card. But I'll handle the gag-lines. Just let me move my sack out to the balcony so I can fall asleep to the tune of the nightingale."

Her folks agree and Caterina and Ricciardo are ready for

(Continued on page 34)



One of them had a banjo and another a concertina. They began to play, and one of them sang. The native song sounded strange on these instruments. Then to the singing a couple began to dance. It was a barbaric dance, savage and primeval, rapid, with quick movements of the hands and feet and contortions of the body; it was sensual, sexual even, but sexual without passion. It was very animal, direct, weird without mystery, natural in short, and one might almost say childlike. At last they grew tired. They stretched themselves on the deck and slept, and all was silent. The skipper lifted himself heavily out of his chair and clambered down the companion. He went into his cabin and got out of his clothes. He climbed into his bunk and lay there. He panted a little in the heat of the night.

But next morning, when the dawn crept over the tranquil sea, the opening in the reef which had eluded them the night before was seen a little to the east of where they lay. The schooner entered the lagoon. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water. Deep down among the coral rocks you saw little colored fish swim. When he had anchored his ship the skipper ate his breakfast and went on deck. The sun shone from an unclouded sky, but in the early morning the air was grateful and cool. It was Sunday, and there was a feeling of quietness, a silence as though nature were at rest, which gave him a peculiar sense of comfort. He sat, looking at the wooded coast, and felt lazy and well at ease. Presently a slow smile moved his lips and he threw the stump of his cigar into the water.

"I guess I'll go ashore," he said. "Get the boat out."

He climbed stiffly down the ladder and was rowed to a little cove. The coconut trees came down to the water's edge, not in rows, but spaced with orderly formality. They were like a ballet of spinsters, elderly but flippant, standing in affected attitudes with the simpering graces of a bygone age. He sauntered idly through them, along a path that could be just seen winding its tortuous way, and it led him presently to a broad creek. There was a bridge across it, but a bridge constructed of single trunks of coconut trees, a dozen of them, placed end to end and supported where they met by a forked branch driven into the bed of the creek. You walked on a smooth, round surface, narrow and slippery, and there was no support for the hand. To cross such a bridge required sure feet and a stout heart. The skipper hesitated. But he saw on the other side, nestling among the trees, a white man's house; he made up his mind and, rather gingerly, began to walk. He watched his feet carefully, and where one trunk joined on to the next and there was a difference of level, he tottered a little. It was with a gasp of relief that he reached the last tree and finally set his feet on the firm ground of the other side. He had been so intent on the difficult crossing that he never noticed anyone was watching him, and it was with surprise that he heard himself spoken to.

"It takes a bit of nerve to cross these bridges when you're not used to them."

He looked up and saw a man standing in front of him. He had evidently come out of the house which he had seen.

"I saw you hesitate," the man continued, with a smile on his lips, "and I was watching to see you fall in."

"Not on your life," said the captain, who had now recovered his confidence.

"I've fallen in myself before now. I remember, one evening I came back from shooting, and I fell in, gun and all. Now I get a boy to carry my gun for me."

He was a man no longer young, with a small beard, now

somewhat grey, and a thin face. He was dressed in a singlet, without arms, and a pair of duck trousers. He wore neither shoes nor socks. He spoke English with a slight accent.

"Are you Neilson?" asked the skipper.

"I am."

"I've heard about you. I thought you lived somewheres 'round here."

The skipper followed his host into the little bungalow and sat down heavily in the chair which the other motioned him to take. While Neilson went out to fetch whisky and glasses he took a look round the room. It filled him with amazement. He had never seen so many books. The shelves reached from floor to ceiling on all four walls, and they were closely packed. There was a grand piano littered with music, and a large table on which books and magazines lay in disorder. The room made him feel embarrassed. He remembered that Neilson was a queer fellow. No one knew very much about him, although he had been in the islands for so many years, but those who knew him agreed that he was queer. He was a Swede.

"You've got one big heap of books here," he said, when Neilson returned.

"They do no harm," answered Neilson with a smile.

"Have you read them all?" asked the skipper.

"Most of them."

Neilson poured his visitor a good stiff glass of whisky and gave him a cigar. The skipper volunteered a little information.

"I got in last night, but I couldn't find the opening, so I had to anchor outside. I never been this run before, but my people had some stuff they wanted to bring over here. Gray, d'you know him?"

"Yes, he's got a store a little way along."

"Well, there was a lot of canned stuff that he wanted over, an' he's got some copra. They thought I might just as well come over as lie idle at Apia. I run between Apia and Pago-Pago mostly, but they've got smallpox there just now, and there's nothing stirring."

He took a drink of his whisky and lit a cigar. He was a taciturn man, but there was something in Neilson that made him nervous, and his nervousness made him talk. The Swede was looking at him with large dark eyes in which there was an expression of faint amusement.

"This is a tidy little place you've got here."

"I've done my best with it."

"You must do pretty well with your trees. They look fine. With copra at the price it is now, I had a bit of a plantation myself once, in Upolu it was, but I had to sell it."

He looked round the room again, where all those books gave him a feeling of something incomprehensible and hostile.

"I guess you must find it a bit lonesome here though," he said.

"I've got used to it. I've been here for twenty-five years."

Now the captain could think of nothing more to say, and he smoked in silence. Neilson had apparently no wish to break it. He looked at his guest with a meditative eye. He was a tall man, more than six feet high, and very stout. His face was red and blotchy, with a network of little purple veins on the cheeks, and his features were sunk into fatness. His eyes were bloodshot. His neck was buried in rolls of fat. But for a fringe of long curly hair, nearly white, at the back of his head, he was quite bald; and that immense, shiny surface of forehead, which might have given him a false look

of intelligence, on the contrary gave him one of peculiar imbecility. He wore a blue flannel shirt, open at the neck and showing his fat chest covered with a mat of reddish hair, and a very old pair of blue serge trousers. He sat in his chair in a heavy ungainly attitude, his great belly thrust forward and his fat legs uncrossed. All elasticity had gone from his limbs. Neilson wondered idly what sort of man he had been in his youth. It was almost impossible to imagine that this creature of vast bulk had ever been a boy who ran about. The skipper finished his whisky, and Neilson pushed the bottle towards him.

"Help yourself."

The skipper leaned forward and with his great hand seized it.

"And how came you in these parts anyways?" he said.

"Oh, I came out to the islands for my health. My lungs were bad and they said I hadn't a year to live. You see they were wrong."

"I meant, how come you to settle down right here?"

"I am a sentimentalist."

"Oh!"

Neilson knew that the skipper had not an idea what he meant, and he looked at him with an ironical twinkle in his dark eyes. Perhaps just because the skipper was so gross and dull a man the whim seized him to talk further.

"You were too busy keeping your balance to notice, when you crossed the bridge, but this spot is generally considered rather pretty."

"It's a cute little house you've got here."

"Ah, that wasn't here when I first came. There was a native hut, with its beehive roof and its pillars, overshadowed by a great tree with red flowers; and the croton bushes, their leaves yellow and red and golden, made a pied fence around it. And then all about were the coconut trees, as fanciful as women, and as vain. They stood at the water's edge and spent all day looking at their reflections. I was a young man then—Good Heavens, it's a quarter of a century ago—and I wanted to enjoy all the loveliness of the world in the short time allotted to me before I passed into the darkness. I thought it was the most beautiful spot I had ever seen. The first time I saw it I had a catch at my heart, and I was afraid I was going to cry. I wasn't more than twenty-five, and though I put the best face I could on it, I didn't want to die. And somehow it seemed to me that the very beauty of this place made it easier for me to accept my fate. I felt when I came here that all my past life had fallen away, Stockholm and its University, and then Bonn: it all seemed the life of somebody else, as though now at last I had achieved the reality which our doctors of philosophy—I am one myself, you know—had discussed so much. 'A year,' I cried to myself. 'I have a year. I will spend it here and then I am content to die.'

"We are foolish and sentimental and melodramatic at twenty-five, but if we weren't perhaps we should be less wise at fifty."

"Now drink, my friend. Don't let the nonsense I talk interfere with you."

He waved his thin hand towards the bottle, and the skipper finished what remained in his glass.

"You ain't drinking nothin'," he said, reaching for the whisky.

"I am of sober habit," smiled the Swede. "I intoxicate myself in ways which I fancy are more subtle. But perhaps that is only vanity. Anyhow, the effects are most lasting and the results less deleterious."

"They say there's a deal of cocaine taken in the States

now," said the captain.

Neilson chuckled.

"But I do not see a white man often," he continued, "and for once I don't think a drop of whisky can do me any harm."

He poured himself out a little, added some soda, and took a sip.

"And presently I found out why the spot had such an unearthly loveliness. Here love had tarried for a moment like a migrant bird that happens on a ship in mid-ocean and for a little while folds its tired wings. The fragrance of a beautiful passion hovered over it like the fragrance of hawthorne in May in the meadows of my home. It seems to me that the places where men have loved or suffered keep about them always some faint aroma of something that has not wholly died. It is as though they had acquired a spiritual significance which mysteriously affects those who pass. I wish I could make myself clear." He smiled a little. "Though I cannot imagine that if I did you would understand."

He paused.

"I think this place was beautiful because here had been loved beautifully." And now he shrugged his shoulders. "But perhaps it is only that my aesthetic sense is gratified by the happy conjunction of young love and a suitable setting."

Even a man less thick-witted than the skipper might have been forgiven if he were bewildered by Neilson's words. For he seemed faintly to laugh at what he said. It was as though he spoke from emotion which his intellect found ridiculous. He had said himself that he was a sentimentalist, and when sentimentality is joined with scepticism there is often the devil to pay.

(Continued on page 22)



"Remember how you used to ignore me on the ship?"

The intimate ecstasy of
water's embrace



A voluptuous stretch in the
sunshine



Dancing cheek to cheek
from head to toe

This "city of the sun" on a jewel-like Mediterranean island is the world capital and playground of people who think taking clothes off is a lot more sensible than putting them on.

HELIOPOLIS

Isle of the Mermaids

by John L. Underwood

Photography by Serge de Sazo

Ed. Note: Suspecting that there is more to being a nudist than just not wearing clothes, NUGGET dispatched its roving editor to get an on-the-spot report from the only place in the modern world where an entire community works, sleeps, plays, and lives without them.

HELIOPOLIS, FRANCE—Have you ever danced with a naked woman? Have you ever swayed to a languorous tango with a partner dressed only in perfume and a scrap of cloth smaller than a gentleman's hand?

Here on the Isle of Mermaids it happens all the time. The smooth rubbing of her thigh against yours, the satiny softness of her hip, the pressure of a hardening breast against your chest—these exotic delights can become curiously diffuse and, while undeniably pleasurable, are here experienced as casually as dancing fully dressed in a night club back home. The true appeal of Heliopolis for its faithful lies beyond these. They find enjoyments and satisfactions deeper, different, and subtler than those an outsider might expect.

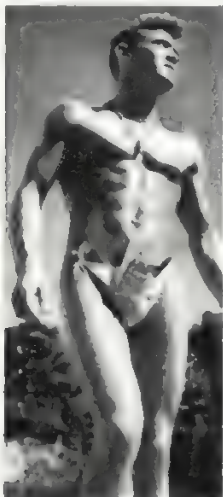
Forty-five minutes after the boat leaves a port on the Cote d'Azur you are there. In the distance deeply tanned, seemingly-naked men work on a new building. At the pier a cluster of clothesless men, women, and children wait to welcome friends and relatives. A young lady with dark hair and blue eyes, her breasts happily nude, brushes by you

to come aboard and claim a package. Most of the passengers disrobe and pack their clothes away before debarking. Suddenly you feel out of place. Your collar becomes a constriction. Your pants seem as baggy and ridiculous as Charlie Chaplin's and to feel less conspicuous, you remove your jacket and shirt.

There was a restaurant halfway up a hill from the dock. When I got there it was midday and the place was crowded. People greeted me politely and talked cordially about places to stay, eat, swim, and visit. The mere fact that I was there seemed to identify me, in their eyes, as a person of similar understanding and tastes, a friend. The island has many familiar aspects. There is a grocery where you are waited on efficiently, but by a nude Eve. At the variety store (which sells housewares and articles for fishing, camping, and beaching, but no clothes, other than small triangular cloths known as "the minimum") you may encounter a couple of teenage girls shopping for postcards, as they might in a drug store on Main Street, but here they are as beautiful as they

The center of town with the postoffice on the left. Deserted streets suggest everyone is at beach. Well, almost everyone





Complete nudity is forbidden on busier streets. Young man at left has converted his "minimum" into scarce and needed pocket space. A truck, known to Heliopolites as the "taxi" and owned by them, shuttles to and from the beach. It is the only public means of transportation on the island and the rides are free. At the beaches, most of them tucked away among the savage splendors of the rocks, there are of course no vestimentary restrictions. The "minimum" comes off and the water, incredibly clear and inviting, tempts Heliopolites into improvising new games and explorations that will keep them in its silken reaches. Examples on facing page: underwater ballerinas, and a lissome shell seeker. Naturally skin diving is extremely popular, and needless to say the islanders interpret it literally.



"Fish just harpooned taste better than those stale canapes you nibble at cocktail parties back in the noisy city."

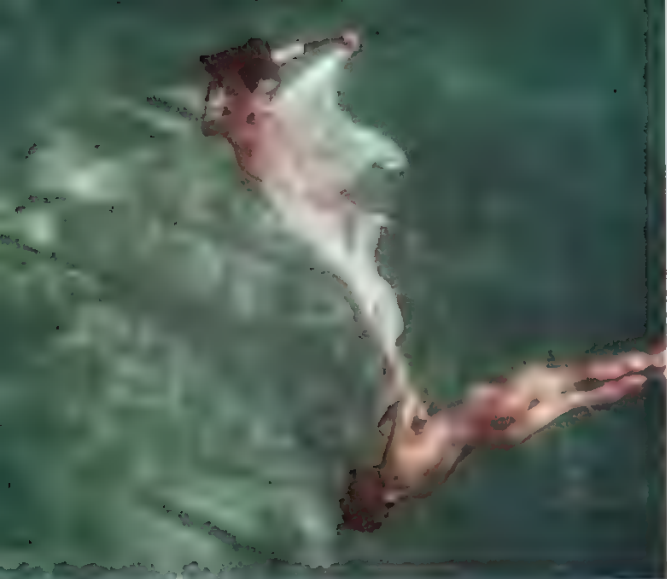


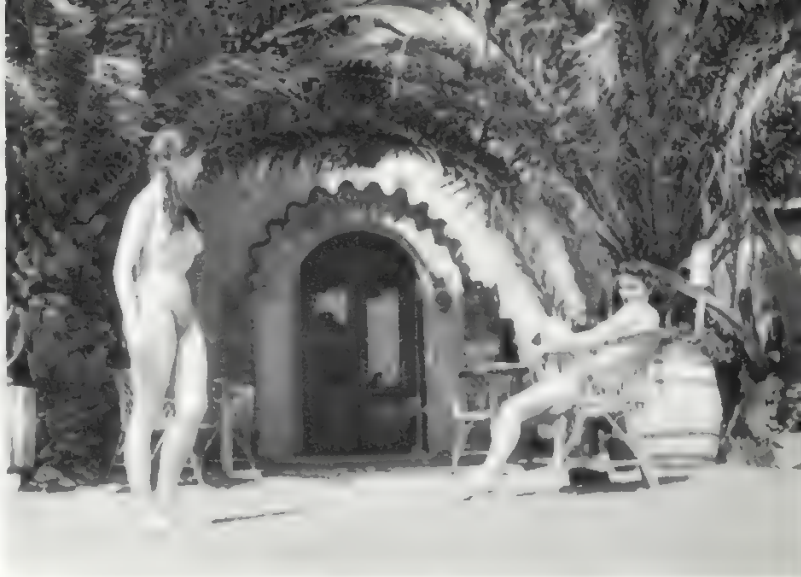
are naked. At the bars at sundown you find sophistication: a distinguished looking lady, for example, wearing pearl earrings and necklace, her lips carmined, nails lacquered, smoking a cigarette in a holder, her breasts innocently insolent. The life of Heliopolis is like the life of any resort town by the sea, except that everywhere you look there are delightful details to treat the eye—breasts pert, proud, formidable, and sultry; sleek and sinuous curves, tawny expanses of smooth skin—all unobstructed by modern man's most stubborn convention, clothing.

Who goes to Ile du Levant? Singles and families from all over Europe and North America flock there all through the long summer season. The boats to and from the mainland (four or five a day) are jammed. M. Raymond Vital, former assistant to the Mayor of Marseilles, now retired and living in a hotel on Heliopolis, says: "Economically this island is as important to the Riviera as the Eiffel Tower is to Paris." As you might expect, the island reaps a steady crop of tourists' francs.

Why do they go there? Some are pursuing a theory or philosophy, such as hygienic naturism, which is vegetarian and teetotaling; or therapeutic naturism, which holds that health is derived from herbs, sunbathing, and chiropractic; or schadism which finds existential meanings in nudity by renouncing physical as well as intellectual conformity, a sort of "strip tease of the soul," they say.

But most people go to Heliopolis for reasons less abstract and more practical. This I learned at a party I attended a few nights after I arrived. It was sprinkling lightly and the guests came wearing capes and jackets to keep off the damp and chill. One woman did not bother to button her covering and explained: "I like the feel of the rain on my breasts." We dined sumptuously on chicken in wine, and afterwards sat about drinking and talking about a poll that had been conducted to find out why people came there. One woman had answered: "Naturism puts all women on an equal plane. 'The minimum' liberates the maximum of truth." Another, who most of the year is a busy shop manager in Paris, said: "I come here to camp out, cook, work with my hands. In my head I want nothing more than the sound of the sea." A stunning young model explained: "Here I get a complete restoration. Without false modesty or bothersome restrictions I can expose all my skin to nature, the sea, and the sun, the only true sources of beauty." A secretary said: "I love





At left, shoppers relax for a chat in the notions department of the variety store, or turn up at the fashionable "Pomme d'Adam" (Adam's Apple) restaurant for a luncheon and midday gossip.

Abundant supplies and a wide range of activities are available to the islanders. Food for the table at the grocery (right), food for thought at the open-air theater (middle), and food for the artistically creative. Sculptor Thierry Van Ryswick (below), a veteran Heliopolite, is shown at work.



the peace and silence. When you fight crowds and subways most of the year, happiness is no more than a warm rock on the shore in the sun." I began to understand why many Heliopolites consider the island the focus of their lives and save and plan carefully to assure themselves the longest possible vacations there each year.

A late arrival, a girl I had not seen before, came regally into the room. She had an opulent figure. Even if you had lived all your life on this island, you would have to stare. I did. She drifted past me, a cloud of stately curves, and from under her heavy eyelashes gave me an imperious look that said: "Hah, here's another one who hasn't seen anything." Fully dressed her beauty and bearing would be an assault on any man's composure. In Heliopolis, she was a goddess, and knew it. Her name was Marcelle. Later, when someone turned on a portable phonograph, she came over and suggested a dance. Her smile was wide and promising and when we clasped each other close, I was "in heaven, dancing cheek to cheek"—from head to toe.

By midnight the weather had cleared and the hostess suggested a swim. We walked to a cove nearby. The light of the moon penetrated deep into the clear water and lit it with an unreal transparency. The "minimums" came off. I dove in and right after me came Marcelle. Looking up through the water I could see her silhouetted against a surface that looked like silver tiles, a shadowy mermaid swimming toward me. Together we stroked upward and burst through the surface in a splashing of phosphorescent sparks. Later we towed ourselves dry and enjoyed a cigarette on a great flat rock. Marcelle lay stretched out beside me, spread like a sea star, her charms swelling in the pale, bright moonlight. It was a night of memorable loveliness. As an antidote to the deadening monotony and deafening clamor of modern metropolitan life, Heliopolis has no peer.

In the words of J.-A. Foëx, one of the most ardent champions of the island: "After a few days here one discovers a new dimension in life. One finds that a life of physical sensations and natural simplicity has advantages over tense, worried, conventional existences led by so much of our modern world. To understand this, you have to stand naked in the sun when its first rays spread on the sea and brighten the foam to a blinding white. You have to spend a night in a hammock out on a terrace, your skin lightly caressed by the fingers of the breeze."

Nature has a way of talking to the senses that bypasses the mind and eludes description. Heliopolites know this and seldom discuss the island with outsiders. "Why should we?" they say. "Eyes understand better than ears."

One visitor's favorite picture of Heliopolis: "The happy and confident rhythm of a golden silhouette on a sunny path under Mediterranean skies."



He was silent for an instant and looked at the captain with eyes in which there was a sudden perplexity.

"You know, I can't help thinking that I've seen you before somewhere or other," he said.

"I couldn't say as I remember you," returned the skipper.

"I have a curious feeling as though your face were familiar to me. It's been puzzling me for some time. But I can't situate my recollection in any place or at any time."

The skipper massively shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"It's thirty years since I first come to the islands. A man can't figure on remembering all the folk he meets in a while like that."

The Swede shook his head.

"You know how one sometimes has the feeling that a place one has never been to before is strangely familiar. That's how I seem to see you." He gave a whimsical smile. "Perhaps I knew you in some past existence. Perhaps, perhaps you were the master of a galley in ancient Rome and I was a slave at the oar. Thirty years have you been here?"

"Every bit of thirty years."

"I wonder if you knew a man called Red?"

"Red?"

"That is the only name I've ever known him by. I never knew him personally. I never even set eyes on him. And yet I seem to see him more clearly than many men, my brothers, for instance, with whom I passed my daily life for many years. He lives in my imagination with the distinctness of a Paolo Malatesta or a Romeo. But I daresay you have never read Dante or Shakespeare?"

"I can't say as I have," said the captain.

Neilson, smoking a cigar, leaned back in his chair and looked vacantly at the ring of smoke which floated in the still air. A smile played on his lips, but his eyes were grave. Then he looked at the captain. There was in his gross obesity something extraordinarily repellent. He had the plethoric self-satisfaction of the very fat. It was an outrage. It set Neilson's nerves on edge. But the contrast between the man before him and the man he had in mind was pleasant.

"It appears that Red was the most comely thing you ever saw. I've talked to quite a number of people who knew him in those days, white men, and they all agree that the first time you saw him his beauty just took your breath away. They called him Red on account of his flaming hair. It had a natural wave and he wore it long. It must have been of that wonderful color that the pre-Raphaelites raved over. I don't think he was vain of it, he was much too ingenuous for that, but no one could have blamed him if he had been. He was tall, six feet and an inch or two—in the native house that used to stand here was a mark of his height cut with a knife on the central trunk that supported the roof—and he was made like a Greek god, broad in the shoulders and thin in the flanks; he was like Apollo, with just that soft roundness which Praxiteles gave him, and that suave, feminine grace which has in it something troubling and mysterious. His skin was dazzling white, milky, like satin; his skin was like a woman's."

"I had kind of a white skin myself when I was a kiddie," said the skipper, with a twinkle in his bloodshot eyes.

But Neilson paid no attention to him. He was telling his story now and interruption made him impatient.

"And his face was just as beautiful as his body. He had large blue eyes, very dark, so that some say they were black, and unlike most red-haired people he had dark eyebrows and long dark lashes. His features were perfectly regular

and his mouth was like a scarlet wound. He was twenty."

On these words the Swede stopped with a certain sense of the dramatic. He took a sip of whisky.

"He was unique. There never was anyone more beautiful. There was no more reason for him than for a wonderful blossom to flower on a wild plant. He was a happy accident of nature."

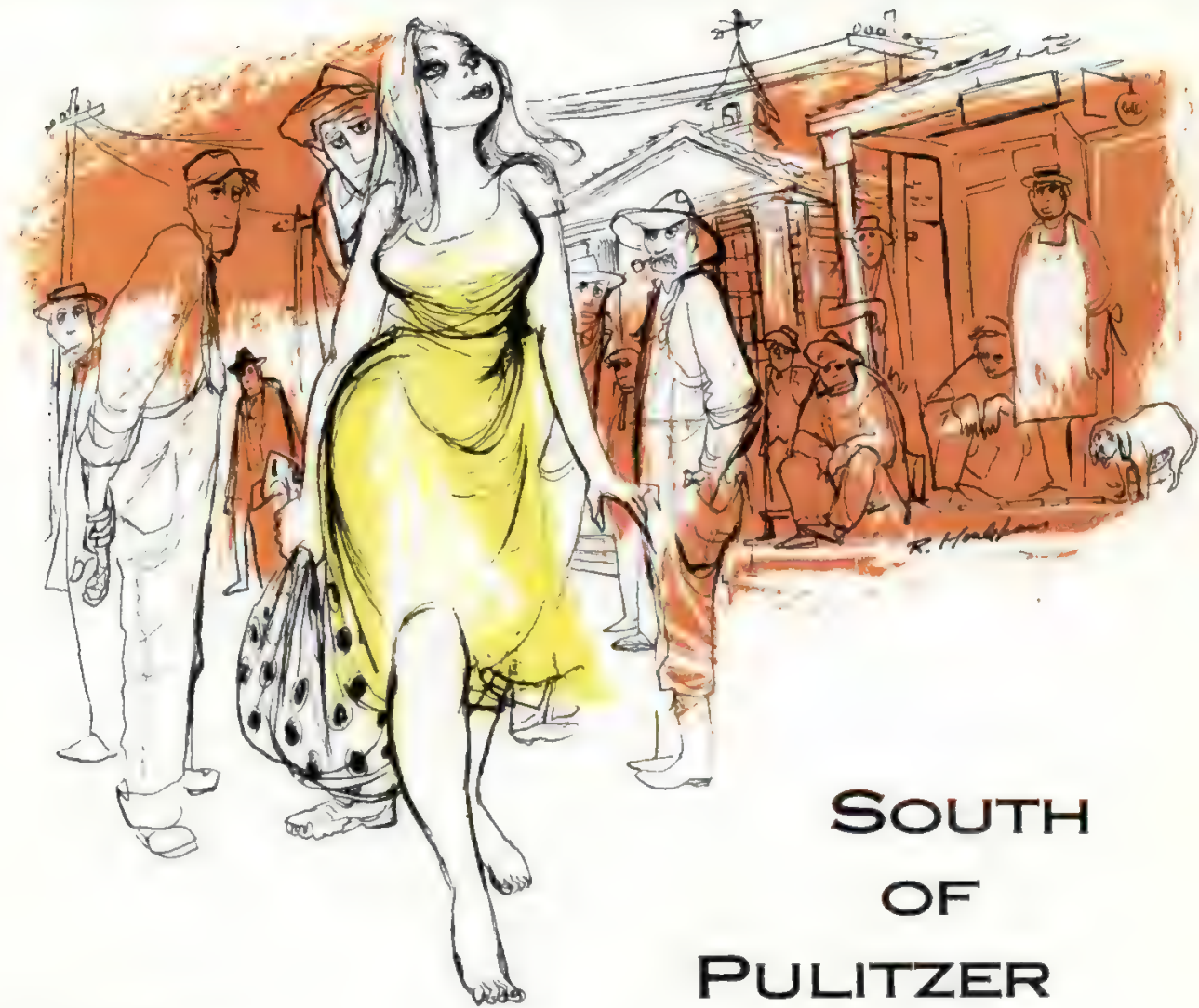
"One day he landed at that cove into which you must have put this morning. He was an American sailor, and he had deserted from a man-of-war in Apia. He had induced some good-humored native to give him passage on a cutter that happened to be sailing from Apia to Safoto, and he had been put ashore in a dugout. I do not know why he deserted. Perhaps life on a man-of-war with its restrictions irked him, perhaps he was in trouble, and perhaps it was the South Seas and these romantic islands that got into his bones. Every now and then they take a man strangely, and he finds himself like a fly in a spider's web. It may be that there was a softness of fibre in him, and these green hills with their soft airs, this blue sea, took the northern strength from him as Delilah took the Nazirite's. Anyhow, he wanted to hide himself, and he thought he would be safe in this secluded nook till his ship had sailed from Samoa."

"There was a native hut at the cove and as he stood there, wondering where exactly he should turn his steps, a young girl came out and invited him to enter. He knew scarcely two words of the native tongue and she a little English. But he understood well enough what her smiles meant, and her pretty gestures, and he followed her. He sat down on a mat and she gave him slices of pineapple to eat. I can speak of Red only from hearsay, but I saw the girl three years after he first met her, and she was scarcely nineteen then. You cannot imagine how exquisite she was. She had the passionate grace of the hibiscus and the rich color. She was rather tall, slim, with the delicate features of her race, and large eyes like pools of still water under the palm trees; her hair, black and curling, fell down her back, and she wore a wreath of scented flowers. Her hands were lovely. They were so small, so exquisitely formed, they gave your heart-strings a wrench. And in those days she laughed easily. Her smile was so delightful that it made your knees shake. Her skin was like a field of ripe corn on a summer day. Good Heavens, how can I describe her? She was too beautiful to be real."

"And these two young things, she was sixteen and he was twenty, fell in love with one another at first sight. That is the real love, not the love that comes from sympathy, common interests, or intellectual community, but love pure and simple. That is the love that Adam felt for Eve when he awoke and found her in the garden gazing at him with dewy eyes. That is the love that draws the beasts to one another, and the Gods. That is the love which gives life its pregnant meaning. You have never heard of the wise, cynical French duke who said that with two lovers there is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved; it is a bitter truth to which most of us have to resign ourselves; but now and then there are two who love and two who let themselves be loved. Then one might fancy that the sun stands still as it stood when Joshua prayed to the God of Israel."

"And even now after all these years, when I think of these two, so young, so fair, so simple, and of their love, I feel a pang. It tears my heart just as my heart is torn when on certain nights I watch the full moon shining on the lagoon

(Continued on page 36)



SOUTH OF PULITZER

by Ira Wallach

*Parodist Wallach's spoof of "East of Eden" proves it's a wise child
that knows its own father.*

I remember Pulitzer Valley. It is a long defile full of good and evil and greenish gorse that is almost purple. The brown grasshoppers hop over bare dun patches near the grey bottom of the black river bed where, in the rainy season, the blue waters of the Platz churn up white spume, and the pink and orange zinnias punctuate the purple clover. Here and there yellow petals of wild phobia curl around clusters of red stamens. It is a very colorful place.

The wind comes up every evening and blows the topsoil into Beverly Hills where old Harris is so much at home in his threadbare philosophy.

After that we starved to death for six years. Then it rained and the matriarchs bloomed early in the Spring, fighting their way through beds of scrub-brush.

Pulitzer Valley is a goodness.

I haven't been in Pulitzer for years, not since Grandfather Stonebark sold out the homestead and went to Beverly Hills to submit to mental chiropractic. Aunt Charity lived in Beverly Hills. She carried the sun in her face. Grandfather Stonebark wanted the sun. He loved heroism and corned beef hash, and he died in a sort of glory from an intestinal obstruction.

Abner Bush put aside his first wife, Hannah. Yet Hannah was dead, and it was of little use to Abner not to put her aside. Then he married Deborah who had been put aside by a neighbor. From her and from Abner's loins—Abner had fine loins in his youth, full and ripe and out of place in Connecticut—sprang Ephraim Busk, brooding and sullen. He was very different from Saul Busk, the child of Abner's loins out of Hannah. Saul was a brooding child.

I guess by now you are all mixed up. That is the way of things.

Once in his middle twenties, Abner Busk had been to New York City where he had written an advertisement for an old friend, a saddlemaker. Now that Abner was already past his prime he devoted himself to reconstructing his past. He began to remark about his advertising experience, slowly at first, and then with increasing tempo until it became clear that Abner had founded the advertising industry. Abner claimed that he was the first to propose legislation providing a system of graded fines for people guilty of underconsumption. Before Saul and Ephraim were six years old Abner made it absolutely clear that they were destined for the advertising profession. Deborah said nothing, biting her underlip and then her upper lip, fearful of being put aside.

And so one day Abner brooded deeply. He turned to his son Saul. "Come outside, Saul," he brooded.

Saul followed his father outside. "I'm sending you off tomorrow," Abner said. "You're going to join Forple, Freeman, Fendrake, and Kissmonger (Advertising). But I have to talk to you first. You have to know what it's like. You have to understand that when you go into advertising it takes a lot out of you but it gives you a lot back. There'll be nights when you'll feel lonely and you'll look at the copy and go to some bar and you'll sit down and get drunk and wonder and wonder and wonder. The wonder never stops. It's a big smooth shiny thing like a balloon. You'll want to break away but you won't be able to. You'll hate the men you work with but you won't be able to live without them. But if you can do the job, you'll be purified in an abnormal sort of way. This life has got a glory of its own. You'll be a man, a special kind of person. You'll be what few men are: intolerable. And in that intolerability you will find your pride and your valor and maybe a little meaning in life. And if you're not intolerable, Forple, Freeman, Fendrake, and Kissmonger will vomit you up, spew you out." Abner cleared his throat, then withdrew a small package from his pocket. "Here is your bow-tie," he murmured huskily.

Saul took the tie. "Will Ephraim be going, too?" he asked.

"Ephraim isn't going. He's already intolerable. You'll curse me for it, son, but you'll love me, too, in an unintelligible sort of way."

I believe that people have two sorts of children. Some are boys, and you realize this when you see them, and some are girls. Nobody knows why they are one or the other, but they usually are. Old Hepsibah Godey always believed she had a boy because her husband frightened her when she was pregnant. But I know other women who have had girls for the same reason.

Some of the girls have fat arms, fat legs; some have skinny arms, skinny legs, and mouths under their noses. Some of the boys are the same way.

If boys are born to human parents, can not girls also be born? I think yes.

It is my belief that Anna Carver was born a girl. She was not like boys and Anna, aware of this difference, went about life as a girl. Saul Busk watched her grow, and he could hardly restrain his impatience because both of his loins were eager.

When Anna Carver was thirteen she used to walk past the town hall in Orana where the six Councilmen stared through half-lidded eyes that held bewilderment, wonder, and more than a little shame. And so, when on a winter's night, snow-softened and cold, Tom Carver heard a knock on the door at three in the morning, he never connected it with his daughter Anna. He stumbled to the door and opened it a crack, holding a blanket around him with one

tight fist. Outside he saw the Town Council.

"We've got to see you, Mr. Carver," said the Town Council.

"See me in the morning," said Carver, shivering.

The Town Council hesitated, then paced in the snow for a moment. Finally the Council turned back. "Please see us now!" Their voice was pitiful. "We want to marry Anna!"

Tom Carver stared in silence at the Town Council. Then he slowly shook his head. "She's too young for you," he said. Then he closed the door and returned to the big fourposter bed with the brass knobs and the local color. His wife stirred. "Who was it, Tom?" she asked.

"Just some old Town Council," he said.

The next morning Anna walked by the Town Hall and local government broke down. The townspeople of Orana, grim people but brooding and good, tried desperately to restore order. Anna only smiled. Later, she tied up a little bundle of clothes, killed three cocker spaniel puppies, filled the porcelain sugar bowl with potassium cyanide, stole the morphine from Dr. Littlewood's drug bin, and left for Chicago. Her lips were grim and her bust was developing. She was full of a badness.

It was five years later that Ephraim Busk, living alone in the old farmhouse, rubbing grease into the dishes, heard a knock. He opened the door. Saul stood there.

"Father's dead," said Saul. "He left us two million dollars."

Ephraim looked up. They both felt love surge high as they smiled.

"Eggs?" asked Ephraim.

Saul nodded. "Four." He sat wearily at the wooden table, his hair lightly brushing the flypaper. He needed not to lacerate his soul with words.

Ephraim stared at him. "Saul, I read about your campaigns. The Maiden Soapsex Campaign. The Bromley Ballpoint Pensex Campaign. The Atlas Autosex Campaign. Was it bad, Saul?"

"Yes." Saul shuddered. "It was bad."

"Did you hit the market at the point of sale?"

"Yes. We hit the market."

"You kill 'em?"

"We slayed 'em."

"I guess it's tough."

"It's tough."

"You want to talk about it, Saul?"

"I don't want to talk about it, Ephraim."

"You don't have to if you don't want."

"I don't want, Ephraim."

"Maybe you want to keep these things to yourself?"

"Maybe."

"Scrambled, Saul?"

"One boiled, one fried, one scrambled, one poached."

Saul was thinking, without understanding, that he needed not to be afraid of Ephraim any more. Here I must explain that I forgot to say he used to be afraid of Ephraim. But now he needed not to be.

After dinner, they greased the dishes and went to bed. They hated the sight of each other.

The primrose bloomed at the gate of the ivy-covered bordello three miles from Indianapolis. Inside, Anna Carver opened her books and spread them on the table where the light of the oil lamp shone on their worn pages.

She studied long past midnight, stopping only now and

(Continued on page 33)





"I suppose you used to think of nights like this when you were a boy," Lola said.

the innocent

by Graham Greene

IT was a mistake to take Lola there. I knew it the moment we alighted from the train at the small country station. On an autumn evening one remembers more of childhood than at any other time of year, and her bright veneered face, the small bag which hardly pretended to contain our "things" for the night, simply didn't go with the old grain warehouse

across the small canal, the few lights up the hill, the posters of an ancient film. But she said, "Let's go into the country," and Bishop's Hendron was, of course, the first name which came into my head. Nobody would know me there now, and it hadn't occurred to me that it would be I who remembered.

Even the old porter touched a chord. I said, "There'll be

a four-wheeler at the entrance," and there was, though at first I didn't notice it, seeing the two taxis and thinking, "The old place is coming on." It was very dark, and the thin autumn mist, the smell of wet leaves and canal water were deeply familiar.

Lola said, "But why did you choose this place? It's grim." It was no use explaining to her why it wasn't grim to me, that that sand heap by the canal had always been there (when I was three I remember thinking it was what other people meant by the seaside). I took the bag (I've said it was light; it was simply a forged passport of respectability) and said we'd walk. We came up over the little almshouses. When I was five I saw a middle-aged man run into one to commit suicide; he carried a knife, and all the neighbours pursued him up the stairs. She said, "I never thought the country was like this." They were ugly almshouses, little grey stone boxes, but I knew them, as I knew nothing else. It was like listening to music, all that walk.

But I had to say something to Lola. It wasn't her fault that she didn't belong here. We passed the school, the church, and came round into old wide High Street and the sense of the first twelve years of life. If I hadn't come, I shouldn't have known that sense would be so strong, because those years hadn't been particularly happy or particularly miserable: they had been ordinary years, but now with the smell of wood fires, of the cold striking up from the dark damp paving stones, I thought I knew what it was that held me. It was the smell of innocence.

I said to Lola, "It's a good inn, and there'll be nothing here, you'll see, to keep us up. We'll have dinner and drinks and go to bed." But the worst of it was that I couldn't help wishing that I were alone. I hadn't been back all these years; I hadn't realized how well I remembered the place. Things I'd quite forgotten, like that sand heap, were coming back with an effect of pathos and nostalgia. I could have been very happy that night in a melancholy, autumnal way wandering about the little town, picking up clues to that time of life when, however miserable we are, we have expectations. It wouldn't be the same if I came back again, for then there would be the memories of Lola, and Lola meant just nothing at all. We happened to pick each other up at a bar the day before and liked each other. Lola was all right, there was no one I would rather spend the night with, but she didn't fit in with these memories. We ought to have gone to Maidenhead. That's country too.

The inn was not quite where I remembered it. There was the Town Hall, but they had built a new cinema with a Moorish dome and a cafe, and there was a garage which hadn't existed in my time. I had forgotten too the turning to the left up a steep hill.

"I don't believe that road was there in my day," I said.

"Your day?" Lola asked.

"Didn't I tell you? I was born here."

"You must get a kick out of bringing me here," Lola said. "I suppose you used to think of nights like this when you were a boy."

"Yes," I said, because it wasn't her fault. She was all right. I liked her scent. She used a good shade of lipstick. It was costing me a lot, a fiver for Lola and then all the bills and fares and drinks, but I'd have thought it money well-spent anywhere else in the world.

I lingered at the bottom of that road. Something was stirring in my mind, but I don't think I should have remembered what, if a crowd of children hadn't come down the hill at that moment into the frosty lamplight, their voices sharp and shrill, their breath fuming as they passed under the lamps. They all carried linen bags, and some of the

bags were embroidered with initials. They were in their best clothes and a little self-conscious. The small girls kept to themselves in a kind of compact, beleaguered group, and one thought of hair ribbons and shining shoes and the sedate tinkle of a piano. It all came back to me: they had been to a dancing lesson, just as I used to go, to a small square house with a drive of rhododendrons halfway up the hill. More than ever I wished that Lola were not with me, less than ever did she fit, as I thought "Something's missing from the picture," and a sense of pain glowed dully at the bottom of my brain.

We had several beers at the bar, but there was half an hour to wait before they would agree to serve dinner. I said to Lola, "You don't want to drag round this town. If you don't mind, I'll just slip out for ten minutes and look at a place I used to know." She didn't mind. There was a local man, perhaps a schoolmaster, at the bar simply longing to buy her a drink: I could see how he envied me, coming down with her like this from town just for a night.

I walked up the hill. The first houses were all new. I resented them. They hid things like fields and gates I might have remembered. It was like a map which had stuck together; when you opened it there were whole patches hidden. But half way up, there the house really was; perhaps the same old lady was giving lessons. Children exaggerate age. She may not, at that time, have been more than thirty-five. I could hear the piano. She was following the same routine. Children under eight, 6-7 P.M. Children eight to thirteen, 7-8. I opened the gate and went in a little way. I was trying to remember.

I don't know what brought it back. I think it was simply the autumn, the cold, the wet frosting leaves, rather than the piano, which had played different tunes in those days. I remembered the small girl as well as one remembers anyone without a photograph to refer to. She was a year older than I was: she must have been just on the point of eight. I loved her with an intensity I have never felt since, I believe, for anyone. At least I have never made the mistake of laughing at children's love. It has a terrible inevitability of separation because there can be no satisfaction. Of course one invents tales of houses on fire, of war and forlorn charges which prove one's courage in her eyes, but never of marriage. One knows without being told that that can't happen, but the knowledge doesn't mean that one suffers less. I remembered all the games of blind-man's bluff at birthday parties when I vainly hoped to catch her, so that I might have the excuse to touch and hold her, but I never caught her; she always kept out of my way.

But once a week for two winters I had my chance: I danced with her. That made it worse (it was cutting off our only contact) when she told me during one of the last lessons of the winter that next year she would join the older class. She liked me too, I knew it, but we had no way of expressing it. I used to go to her birthday parties and she would come to mine, but we never even ran home together after dancing class. It would have seemed odd; I don't think it occurred to us. I had to join my own boisterous teasing male companions, and she was the besieged, the shrilly indignant sex on the way down the hill.

I shivered there in the mist and turned my coat collar up. The piano was playing a dance from an old C. B. Cochran revue. It seemed a long journey to have taken to find only Lola at the end of it. There is something about innocence one is never quite resigned to lose. Now when I am unhappy about a girl, I can simply go and buy another one. Then, the best I could think of was to write some passionate message

(Continued on page 72)



"Hug the curves high and come down like a dive bomber."

Above, Lloyd Johnson fights a bucking sled. At right, another American team tries out the Olympic run at Cortina. Below, Feierabend, drives the Swiss to the '54 championships.



Murderous and Exhilarating

Bobsledding

by Al Silverman



FELIX Endrich of Switzerland had a reputation as a daredevil. He liked to take chances with a bobsled, and for him it seemed to have paid off. In 1948 and 1949 he won the 2-man world's championship. In '48 also, he was Olympic 2-man champion. At the 1953 world championships at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the lee of Germany's towering Zugspitze, he won the 2-man title again. He was a happy man as he got ready for the trial run of his 4-man bobsled team, a title that had yet eluded him.

As the 32-year-old Swiss ace worked over his sled, sharpening his runners with emery cloth, he hailed the American bobsled star, Lloyd Johnson. "Take it easy today," he said to Johnson, patting him on the back.

"You take it easy," Johnson said. "We want to have a chance to beat you."

Endrich laughed and squeezed into the red sled with the white Swiss cross on the cowling. Then his crewmen began the push that would carry them down the formidable 1,800 yard course. Endrich steered through a see-sawing maze of ice. Pounding into treacherous Dead Man's Curve, he steered the sled towards the rim, striving for maximum speed on the downward left-handed plunge out of the turn. The turn was never made. The sled swept up and over the 15-foot wall of ice. It grazed a flagpole in flight and went spinning crazily into space, finally crashing into a clump of firs.

Members of Endrich's team were scattered in all directions. The brakeman flung himself clear and landed atop a parked jeep, escaping with minor injuries. Another broke his shoulder. But for Champion Felix Endrich, it was all over. His neck broken, he died en route to the hospital.

A fatal accident will sadden bobsledders all over the world, but it is unlikely to make them give up the sleds. Fritz Feierabend, probably the greatest driver in the world today, explained his fascination for the game: "There's always a chance of injury or death, but the thrills and excitement are worth that chance."

Above, Arthur (wind tunnel) Tyler dive bombs the two man finals at Cortina.

The best bobsledders in the world will have to accept plenty of chances this month in the Winter Olympics at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites of Northern Italy. Spectators, an estimated 30,000 of them, will be there to watch the Olympic events and, as always, the bobsled run will hold the special fascination. To the true aficionado, bobsledding is more of a disease than a sport. And the evergreen-banked Cortina run will give them everything they ask for. It is one of the toughest, and fastest, in the world. It covers 1,868 yards with a drop of 540 feet. There are 16 bends, several of them blind. The most perilous is the awesome S-shaped curve known as the *Cristallo*. In the 1950 Italian championships, 24 sleds cracked up at Crystal Curve. One veteran bobsledder described the Cortina run "like playing golf when you can't see the greens." Not quite apt. You're playing upwards of 50 mph, and the "greens" are hard as granite. It takes a sixth sense to guide those careening sleds through the icy turns.

That, of course, is one of the risks in bobsledding. So much of success or failure is wrapped up in intuition. A half-second miscalculation and—whoosh!—it's all over. Unquestionably, bobsledding is among the most dangerous



Donna Fox and Mrs. and Mr. Fritz Feierabend

sports in the world, perhaps the most dangerous. At every big run a guide will show you where such-and-such a sled skidded, flopped, or rammed into an obstruction, killing So-and-So, or so-many spectators. And the deaths are sometimes grotesque. Once, on a German course, a photographer strung a wire back up from one of the curves at what seemed like a safe distance. At that point a sled went over the top. All the crew ducked except the driver who was unable to because of the steering wheel. The wire beheaded him.

The Lake Placid run, the only legitimate slide in America, and usually a model of safety, has had its troubles, too. In the tryouts for this year's Olympic team, a young hopeful was killed when his sled went out of control at Zig-Zag Curve. The first fatality at Placid occurred in the 1949 championships when a Belgian, Max Huben, swirled out from Zig-Zag and hit a tree, fracturing his skull.

Before that there were some shiveringly close calls. At the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid a thaw followed by a hard freeze turned the run into a glaze of hard, nubby ice on which it was almost impossible to control the 500-pound sleds. It was a practice day and the Olympic Committee

urged the teams to keep off the run. But the warnings were disregarded.

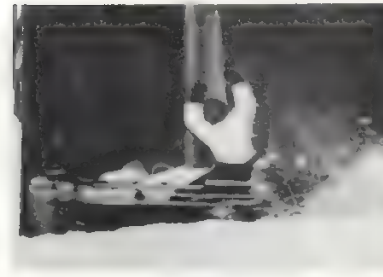
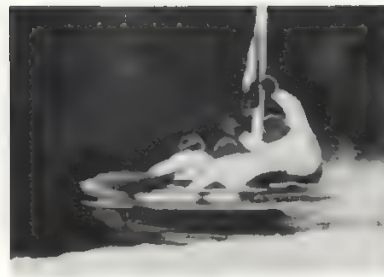
The German team took off on a trial spin. The sled swayed far to the side as it climbed the 30-foot perpendicular ice wall of Horseshoe Curve. The driver had taken the rise a fraction of a second too late. He couldn't get off the wall in time. He fought to bring the sled down, his teammates straining their bodies over until their heads seemed almost under the runners. But centrifugal force drove them up inexorably. Two-thirds of the way around, they went over the top. The mammoth sled thrashed high in the air and soared out a hundred feet, the four men still clinging to it. When the crash came the sled kept smacking through underbrush, cutting down saplings. Finally it turned over and over in the snow. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured.

Speed, naturally, can be destructive but it is speed that provides the excitement. There is no direct competition. The bobs make their runs one at a time. Each sled is timed for four separate heats and the one with the lowest aggregate time wins. Sometimes the margin is pretty low. In the 1954 championships Fritz Feierabend was dethroned by a compatriot, Hans Kappus, by three-hundredths of a second.

An electronic timer once clocked a 4-man team at 119.5 miles an hour, and a 2-man sled at 89 miles an hour. The average speed is about 60, nothing to be ashamed of, with the seat of your pants only ten inches off the ice, the wind shrieking in your ears, the curves bearing down on you like gigantic waves, and your guts rolling around in frenzied thrusts.

Holes, ruts, and unseen obstructions on the course are the chief causes of accidents. Officials stationed along the route try to look out for that sort of thing but they can hardly be expected to spot pieces of decay—similar to decay in a tooth—that haven't as yet shown on the surface. They usually appear when a sled has sunk a runner into one of them, and then it is too late. Weather conditions also can be perilous factors. Thawing or a sudden freeze can play havoc with a run. The Cortina slide is especially hazardous because its curves are constructed of cement. If heat should separate the ice from the cement the ice will come out in chunks. There is no drainage in cement curves and, unlike stone and earth, there is nothing for the ice to cling to.

The bobsledders themselves acknowledge the dangers of their pastime, but are seldom bothered by them to any great extent. They are a hardy breed. One of the hardest of American bobsledders in the Nineteen Thirties was Donna Fox, who today is a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee and vice president of the F.I.B.T. (*Federation Internationale de Bobsleigh et*



Felix Endrich and brakeman Stoeckli, at right, and, below, the crash that killed Endrich. Notice Stoeckli leaping free.



Toboggan), the organization that governs the sport internationally. Fox, a 60-year-old, living in Larchmont, N.Y., is short with the typically heavy build of a bobsledder and a florid face that has been creased and toughened by the winter climates of a dozen countries. Often called upon to officiate at bob meets, Fox has seen his share of trouble on the runs. He has himself been a party to six crackups, evenly divided between runs in Switzerland, the U. S., and Germany. He has had vertebrae broken and crushed chests and ribs separated from the spleen, but he credits his survival to an ability to relax just before the impact of a crash.

At the Garmisch course in 1936, rainy weather had rutted the run to pieces. Fox struggled on a curve to pull in his sled but it turtled upside down and he landed—limply—on his back. At St. Moritz in 1937 he was involved in a unique mishap. It took place at the finish line. The Fox sled was the 12th to cross it and the braking had worn a rut in the ice. Incidentally, brakes are used, except under extreme conditions, only at the finish line. When Fox's sled came in and the order to slow was hollered, the brake dug into an unyielding crack and jerked the sled to an abrupt stop. The brakeman and the No. 3 man were knocked off the bob. Fox slammed into the wheel, cracking his ribs. He came back three days later to earn a third place in the world championship.

Fox manages a wry grin in recalling one of his most harrowing accidents which took place at Lake Placid in 1934. "It looked like we were a cinch to win the four-man. There was a bad hole at Curve Number One. We were going so fast I thought we were already past it. But the right runner dug in and we sailed off the run and fifty feet through the air. I landed head-first in a snowdrift; just my feet were sticking out. I didn't know what had

happened. I was pulled out semi-conscious. The others were scattered through the woods. We got up and our first reaction was to get back on the run. So we pushed the sled on the course, only we had it set backwards. Then a man said, 'Where are you going?' I said, 'Back in the race.' He said, 'Listen it's been ten minutes since the accident.' We thought it was just a matter of seconds."

Most sledders get started early. Donna Fox became dedicated to the game during childhood in New York's Bronx. "We had some choice hills from the Grand Concourse to Jerome Avenue," he said. "One was five blocks long and very steep. One night we piled fourteen on the sled. It was a lot of weight and we got more speed than we bargained for. I was steering and I went right through the door of a store. Didn't have any alternative. It was either hit a brick wall or splinter the door."

Fox is of the opinion that a bobsledder is almost



For some, the short tight ropes and the feel of ice and snow.

Anything can happen at 119 miles an hour and the seat of your pants inches off the ice.



automatically a good automobile driver, but that airplane pilots, perhaps because they're used to so much space, never take well to the sleds. He thinks a sledder needs five years of seasoning as a crewman before he can acquire the skill, daring, and judgment necessary to become a driver. "The crew," Fox says, "has to sit there and ride blind and go where the driver takes them."

There is a little more to it than that. A good crew can make the difference between victory and defeat. The brakeman, for example, has to help in the getaway and bring the sled to a stop at the run's end. A few years ago in a meet at St. Moritz, a girl skier volunteered as a last-minute substitute for a brakeman who failed to show up. She had never been on a bob before. Hurtling down the course, the three male crew members became edgy about the tremendous speed they were building up and called for the woman to brake. But she was frozen with fright. No amount of shouting or threats could get her to pull the controls. For all practical purposes she was out of this world. Somehow the bob managed to slide in without mishap. As far as the men were concerned, it was insult if not injury when they learned they had broken the course record, but they never again shoved off without a regular brakeman.

The two men between the driver and brakeman are important factors in controlling the bob. From practice and instinct they know the precise instant to lean for the curve and which way to lean. If a man shifts his weight the wrong way or fails to shift in unison with the others, it may waste precious time, or send the sled out of control.

Crew weight (limited to 440 pounds on the 2-man bobs and 880 on the 4-man) is sometimes an advantage in making fast time, though Italy won a 1954 event with a driver weighing only 140.

But most of the success or failure, even the life or death of a bob team, still depends on the driver. He is the boss. He must use split-second judgment. He must steer through steep hairpin curves at 60 or 70 miles an hour, precisely picking the drive line that will send him into the straightaway fastest. A slight miscalculation and the sled will be forced up and over the top.



The turn deciding the winner of the 1956 Olympics.

American chances in the Olympics at Cortina are not too promising. The Swiss, Italians and Germans all seem stronger—especially the Swiss. The titan of bobsledding today is the remarkable 48-year-old Swiss, Feierabend. He has participated in 24 world championships, won five of them and never finished lower than fourth. He is a fearless competitor with a fearless formula: "Hug the curves high and develop speed like a dive bomber."

Feierabend and the other Swiss drivers use ropes instead of wheels to guide their sleds. There are very few drivers with enough strength in their hands and backs to handle a 4-man bob with ropes, but Feierabend is equipped with enormously powerful hands and back muscles like iron bands. The short ropes are hooked directly to the steering runners. "With ropes I can feel the ice," Fritz says. "I get more sensitivity than with a wheel."

Bobsleds cost from \$600 to \$1,250 for factory-built European models. Each sled should have at least one extra set of runners, which are priced about \$100 per set. The maximum weight of a competing sled today cannot exceed 507 pounds for the 4-man and 352 for the 2-man. 2-man sled is nine feet long and trickier to handle. The 4-man sled is 12 feet and faster.

Bobsledding had its beginnings at the turn of the century at St. Moritz, with the organization of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Run. A course was mapped down the Swiss Alps, which was called the Cresta Run. The sleds in those days carried five passengers and the original racing rules stipulated that two had to be women. But stout men substituted for the women because few females would risk their necks—or admit to obesity. The first race on the Cresta Run was held on January 5, 1898. There were no casualties.

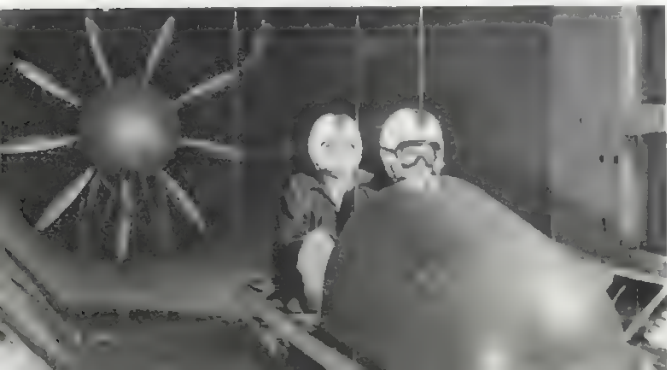
An artificial run, stressing safety features, was built at St. Moritz in 1904, and the sport was included in the first winter Olympic games at Chamonix, France, in 1924. It was won by a 4-man Swiss team. The first United

States participation came in the 1928 games when a 17-year-old youngster named Billy Fiske petitioned to represent the United States. He drove a 5-man team to victory and repeated the triumph in 1932 at Lake Placid. Fiske became America's first bobsledding hero. He joined the Royal Air Force in England at the outset of World War II and was later killed in action. A trophy is given in his name annually to the winner of the NAAU 4-man championship.

For some, you are always too old to start; for others you are never too young.



For the first time wind tunnel tests prepare the American team for competition against the huge hands and the powerful back of Feierabend in the 1956 Olympics.



SOUTH OF PULITZER

(Continued from page 24)

then to file her teeth. Then she closed her books, shot a pussycat, and went quietly to bed. She was content. She was near the end of her studies.

One more month, just one more, and she would be a licensed typhoid carrier! And then . . . she smiled to herself and she slept soundly that night.

Anna Carver was not a goodness.

Halfway across the country to Pulitzer Valley, Saul Busk sat near a little fire a hundred yards from the railroad tracks. With him were other hoboes, anonymous men, men whom life had hurt or bruised, all with a bit of the dreamer in them. One by one they drifted off while Saul stretched out alone near the embers where he lay on the thin and swaying edge of sleep. He heard a voice. "Saul!" It was a whisper holding warmth and fear, something that urged, something that frightened, something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. He turned his head. Anna stood there. She came closer. The mouth, the yellow eyes sparkling in the firelight, the low growl, the fur around her hackles, drew him to her. He felt her lithe body, small and almost insubstantial. He could hear the cormorants singing as he kissed her.

"I love you," she murmured, rubbing ground glass into his scalp. They were married late that night.

In the morning Saul's loins swelled with pride. "I will buy you the finest house in Pulitzer Valley!" he cried.

Anna did not hear him. She was busy gestating. It is my belief that a little loining is a dangerous thing.

I guess you understand how this takes us to 1904. This was a fat year, a chubby year, a green-growing year in which the farmers and ranchers looked at the good richtopsoil that had blown back from Beverly Hills, and talked of the future.

In a windswept corner of Pulitzer Valley Calvin Hentzle, his mouth half open since his jaw could no longer support the weight of his beard, stood and surveyed his posterity while his matriarch, Abigail, fussed with the Holy Book.

Calvin was well-loined and full of the meat of life, and he had sired twelve children by his tight-lipped wife, Abigail. Calvin would never forget the day when it came Abigail's time for Nellie. "My time's come for Nellie," said Abigail, getting out of bed and heading for the fields with her scrub bucket and her bottle of Lydia Pinkham's.

"Since you're in bed now, can't you stay there this time?" asked Calvin.

Abigail snorted and went to the fields. She didn't speak to Calvin for five years after that, and he bore the silence like a great glory sitting on his head.

That was how Nellie was born, Nellie, the giddy-gay, the always-laughing, Nellie the full-of-lightness, the tippy-toe, Nellie the bubble-wasser.

Saul Busk bought a rich corner of Pulitzer Valley and there in the shadow of the mountains Anna bore him twins, Boabdil and Shadrach. Then Anna ran away to San Francisco where she opened a little hashish shop with free instructions for housewives.

Boabdil and Shadrach grew like lichen in the bracken during the Beverly Hills cackling season. One day, when Calvin Hentzle, his beard rampant in the evening breeze, reined in Trigger at the Busk ranch, he found a trembling white-faced Saul awaiting him. "It's Boabdil," Saul explained. "He's fallen down the well."

"Did you get him out?"

"No," said Saul, turning away. "I . . . I couldn't. He looks so much like his mother."

"You should take care of your saplings!" cried Calvin. Then he clambered down the well and came up with the boy. Calvin wiped the sweat from the boy's forehead and turned to Saul again. "It comes as a hard thing to say it, Saul, but the anger rises in me windlike and eager, and I say to you, Saul, you are not shielding the saplings." He hit Saul on the chin. Saul fell in the dust.

Saul lay there for a moment, then turned his head away in shame. "You're right, Calvin," he murmured, "and I promise to shield my saplings." He rose and walked to Boabdil and Shadrach. Putting an arm about each, he said, "Come, saplings, time for dinner!"

Calvin Hentzle turned slowly, mounted his horse; and started back to the ranch, drapping himself in a Navajo blanket to ward off Abigail's evening chill.

Two days later Saul Busk collapsed from typhoid fever. Calvin picked him up and put him to bed, tucking the blankets in. There was a great glory in his tucking. Abigail came in later and scrubbed Saul with a brush dipped in hard water and Sloan's Liniment.

I guess you must understand that this story has reached the year 1917 when Boabdil joined the army.

Nellie Hentzle, Nellie the always-giggle, the lilty-laughy, Nellie the trippy-tippy, was as pretty as a girl of eleven should be. When Boabdil crawled away to the army she met his brother Shadrach at a taffy pull. "He's gone, isn't he?" she asked.

"Boabdil?" Shadrach looked aside. In his young mind was the consciousness of something running deep. "Perhaps they won't take him," he said. "He's only twelve."

"But he is wise, so very wise."

"You love him?"

Nellie shook her head silently. "I thought I did. But ever since . . ." her voice drifted away.

"I know," said Shadrach, rubbing the fuzz beneath his sideburns. "He has so much to give, but he gives so little."

Nellie spread her jacks on the ground and took out her little rubber ball. "He's like a vampire," she said. "He drains you of love and gives nothing in return. He says it's because he's not pure. But I never cared. I'm not pure. Neither are you, Shadrach. I love you."

It was a simple statement. Shadrach took her hand. "The phobia will soon be in bloom," he said. "When it blooms, will you come to the end of the valley with me?"

Saul Busk went out the next day. I guess you must understand that by this I mean to say that he died. But Nellie, the dancy-fancy-gay-romancy-ants-in-pantsy-nancy, and Shadrach knew nothing of death nor of Saul who went out. For as the sun rose over Pulitzer Valley, Shadrach, at the far end beyond the Platz, lifted his head amid the wild phobia and saw Nellie running toward him. He rose and took her hand in his.

Together, they both ran deep.

■ ■ ■

nugget



The manager and one of his salesmen stood before a map on which colored pins indicated the representative in each area.

"I'm not going to fire you, Thompson," said the manager, "but just to emphasize the insecurity of your position—I'm going to loosen your pin a little."

THE NIGHTINGALE

(Continued from page 13)

the main event. As night falls, Ricciardo, pulling a fast bed check on the oldsters, makes his move. He huffs and puffs his way up a stout piece of ladder, embraces our little Kate, and they continue to the sack, where they . . . and . . . and . . .

Caterina and Ricciardo tend to go overboard in these matters and they both lose their heads. But it all straightens itself out because Ricky is a man of many parts and Kate, fly chick that she is, goes to sleep with a firm grip on things.

Next morning being Saturday and no school, the kids sleep late. Meanwhile, back in the master bedroom, Daddy-o awakens, lifts his lids, remembers his daughter, and beats his size twelves out to check the scene. But the scene he catches cuts Cinerama and Todd-AO eight ways to Saturday night. It is bigger than both of them. Lo and behold, there lie the two little kittens in snoozeville: Caterina with the same situation well in hand. Thereupon, old Dad cuts back to his slumber-mill like a bat out of breath.

"Come dig the crazy Nightingale caper Kate copped."

"About your alliteration, Father . . ."

"Okay, but come dig 'the bird' anyway, just for laughs."

"There's your nightingale," he says when they arrive.

"Nightingale, hell, that's a hummingbird," Mother replies.

"Shh, don't tip her hand." He edges her away from the door. "Now that she's caught a live one, let's not goof. He's no angel, but he'll make as wild a son-in-law as the next cat."

"Pops, you mean . . .?"

"Right, doll . . . hand me muh shotgun!"

At that moment Ricciardo and Caterina awake. "Man," says Ricciardo, rubbing the sleepers out of his eyes, "I dig your tone but I don't get your phrasing."

To which Caterina adds, *sotto voce*, pulling up the sheets, "It's a raid, honey, don't give youf right name!"

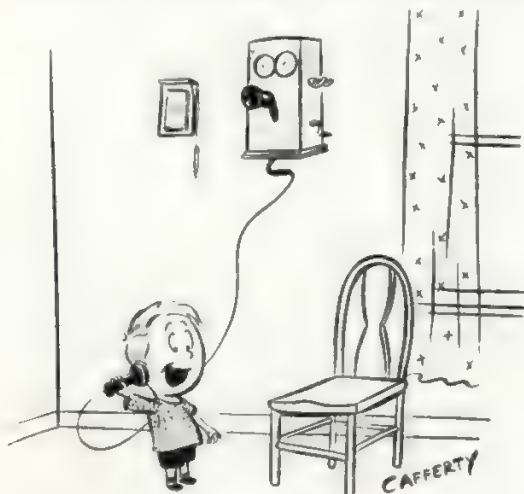
"I've got news for you kids," Lizio says. He slips a convenient ring from his wife's finger and tosses it to Ricciardo. "You've just made the Big Decision. Try this on for size."

"But," said Franny as the hipster finished his tale, "my balcony's on the forty-fourth floor."

The chap turned to leave.

"You going after a helicopter?" Franny asked sweetly.

"A new girl," said the hipster. "A real low down chick."



"That's funny. I can hear you fine."

MY OLD MAN AND THE GYPSY QUEEN

(Continued from page 11)

locked. I started to call Pa, but just then I heard him giggle as if he was being tickled. In a minute the Queen began to giggle, too. Both of them were giggling and saying something I couldn't hear. I went back to the window where Ma was.

"Pa's in the woodshed," I said, "but he didn't hear me."

"What's he doing in the woodshed?" Ma asked.

"I don't know," I said. "He and the gypsy woman who said she is the Queen are both in there."

"Then call your Pa out of there this instant," Ma said.

"There's no telling what he's up to."

I went back to the woodshed door and listened. I couldn't hear a single sound, but when I tried to open it, it was still locked. I waited a little while and then called my old man.

"Ma wants you right away, Pa," I said.

"Go away, son," Pa said. "Don't bother me now."

I went back to tell Ma, but when I got to the window she had left. On the way back to the woodshed, I heard Ma come tearing out of the house. She came as far as the back porch.

"Morris Stroup!" she yelled. "You answer me this instant!"

There wasn't a sound anywhere for a long time, and then I heard the lock on the woodshed door rattle. In a minute or two the Queen stepped out. She took a good look at Ma, and then she hurried around the corner of the house towards the teams and wagons. As soon as she got there, all the men whipped up the horses, and the wagons rattled down the street out of sight.

I looked around, and there was my old man peeping through a crack in the woodshed door. Ma saw him, too, and she hurried across the yard and jerked the door open. My old man was standing there with only his underwear on, and he looked like he didn't know what to do.

"What does this mean?" Ma said. "Answer me, Morris Stroup!" Pa hemmed and hawed for a while, trying to think of something to say.

"The Queen told me my fortune," he said, cutting his eyes around to see how Ma was acting.

Ma turned around.

"William," she said, "go inside the house and pull down all the window shades and shut the doors."

"It really wasn't much to get excited about, Martha," Pa said, standing first on one foot and then on the other.

"The Queen—"

"Shut up!" Ma said. "Where are your clothes?"

"I reckon she made off with them," Pa said, looking around the shed, "but I got the best of the deal."

Ma turned and motioned me towards the house. I started off, backing as slow as I could.

"While she wasn't noticing," Pa said, "I got hold of this."

He held up a watch in a gold case. It had a long gold chain, and it looked as if it were brand-new.

"A watch like this is worth a lot of money," Pa said. "I figure it's worth a lot more than my old overalls and jumper, and anything else they carried off. That old ax wasn't worth anything, and that old bucket with the hole in the bottom wasn't either."

Ma took the watch from Pa and looked at it. Then she closed the door and locked it on the outside. After she had gone into the house, I went back to the woodshed and looked through a crack. My old man was sitting on a pile of wood in his underwear untying a yellow ribbon that had been tied in a hard knot around a big roll of greenbacks.

Shikarri Days

Memories of safaris through
darkest mosquito country . . .

by P. G. Wodehouse

WINTER always brings a touch of sadness to the sportsman who lives in America, for he finds himself at a loose end. Wasping is over. Tick-stalking is over. Worst of all, the mosquito season is a thing of the past. Nothing remains but an occasional fly, and a big game hunter who has looked his mosquito in the eye and made it wilt can scarcely be expected to take more than a tepid interest in flies. One likes a tang of peril with one's sport.

Compared with the mosquito, what a miserable, coddled creature a fly is. It takes three weeks to breed a new generation of flies, and even then the temperature has to be seventy degrees. A spell of cold weather, and the fly simply turns its face to the wall and packs up. How different with the mosquito. Two million dollars were spent in 1954 in efforts to keep mosquito eggs from hatching. Oil in tons was poured on the breeding grounds. And what happened? Did they quail? Did they falter? Not by a jugful. They came out in clouds, slapping their chests and whistling through their noses, many of them with stingers at both ends.

Science has now established that the only mosquitoes that sting are the females. The boy friends like to stay at home curled up with a good book. One pictures the male mosquito as a good-natured, easy-going sort of character, rather the Arthur Godfrey type, and one can imagine him protesting feebly when the little woman starts out on a business trip. The scene is the Jersey marshes.

"Oh, gosh! You aren't going out *again*, old girl? At this time of night?"

"I work better at night."

"Where are you off to now?"

"New York."

"Hell of a distance."

"Pooh!"

"It's all very well to say Pooh, but you know as well as I do that a mosquito can only fly two hundred yards."

"I can take the Hudson Tunnel."

"Costs fifty cents."

"Oh, you think of nothing but money," says the female mosquito petulantly.

As an old hunter, one likes the story of the General who, captured by the Chinese in Korea, relieved the monotony of imprisonment by killing mosquitoes. His record was a 522-mosquito day in 1953, but his best all-over year was 1952, when he bagged 25,475. The secret of success, he says, is to wait till the quarry flattens itself against the wall. The simple creature does not realize that the wall is whitewashed, and falls an easy prey to the man who, not letting a twig snap beneath his feet, sneaks up behind it with a handsomely

bound copy of The History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union.

One likes the story, yes, but at the same time one shakes the head. Latitude must, of course, be allowed to a man in the General's position, but that sort of thing—socking a sitting mosquito—would never do in keen sporting circles. There is a rigid etiquette which all mosquito-hunters obey. We were sitting around in the club one night, I remember—old Colonel Jelliffe, ffoolkes-ffosdyke, the explorer, and a few of the other chaps—when a sudden droning made itself heard in a pause of the conversation, and we realized immediately that it was either a jet plane which had got in and couldn't get out again or a mosquito. After a brief discussion we settled on the mosquito, and ffoolkes-ffosdyke stepped to the bell and pressed it.

The smoking room attendant appeared.

"Oh, Willoughby," said ffoolkes-ffosdyke in that quiet, even voice of his, "is my native bearer, 'Mbongo, there?"

"Yes, sir. Waiting in the hall."

"Ask him to bring my elephant gun," said ffoolkes-ffosdyke. "There may be a spot of danger here, fellows," he went on in that same quiet tone, "but keep cool."

"Quite," said Colonel Jelliffe. "That's it in a nutshell. Don't lose your heads, men. Coming right down to it, we're all British, what?" (Or it may have been "What, what?" I was naturally a little keyed up at the time, and it is difficult to remember these things).

At this moment there was a whoosh and a smack, and we saw young Spelvin, a new member, standing there, a fly swatter in his hand, pointing in triumph at the wall.

"Got him!" he said, meaning, of course, her.

There was a awful silence. It was ffoolkes-ffosdyke who broke it.

"In this club," he said, and there was a steely ring in his voice, "gentlemen do not hunt mosquitoes with fly swatters."

"Not done," said Colonel Jelliffe.

"Might just as well shoot a fox," said ffoolkes-ffosdyke.

"Quite," said Colonel Jelliffe. "That's ut in a nitshell." (He was, of course, much stirred.)

Spelvin slunk out. I don't know what became of him, poor devil. Resigned next day, but where he went to I couldn't tell you. Killing flies with a rolled-up newspaper in Equatorial Africa, I shouldn't wonder.

They say 1956 is going to be a good mosquito year. Let us hope so, for there are few more stirring sights than a mosquito meet with the men in their red coats and the hounds baying and all that sort of thing. Meet you in the Jersey marshes.

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from an unclouded sky. There is always pain in the contemplation of perfect beauty.

"They were children. She was good and sweet and kind. I know nothing of him, and I like to think that then at all events he was ingenuous and frank. I like to think that his soul was as comely as his body. But I daresay he had no more soul than the creatures of the woods and forests who made pipes from reeds and bathed in the mountain streams when the world was young, and you might catch sight of little fawns galloping through the glade on the back of a bearded centaur. A soul is a troublesome possession and when man developed it he lost the Garden of Eden.

"Well, when Red came to the island it had recently been visited by one of those epidemics which the white man has brought to the South Seas, and one-third of the inhabitants had died. It seems that the girl had lost all her near kin and she lived now in the house of distant cousins. The household consisted of two ancient crones, bowed and wrinkled, two younger women, and a man and a boy. For a few days he stayed there. But perhaps he felt himself too near the shore, with the possibility that he might fall in with white men who would reveal his hiding-place; perhaps the lovers could not bear that the company of others should rob them for an instant of the delight of being together. One morning they set out, the pair of them, with the few things that belonged to the girl, and walked along a grassy path under the coconuts, till they came to the creek you see. They had to cross the bridge you crossed, and the girl laughed gleefully because he was afraid. She held his hand till they came to the end of the first tree, and then his courage failed him and he had to go back. He was obliged to take off all his clothes before he could risk it, and she carried them over for him on her head. They settled down in the empty hut that stood here. Whether she had any rights over it (land tenure is a complicated business in the islands), or whether the owner had died during the epidemic, I do not know, but anyhow no one questioned them, and they took possession. Their furniture consisted of a couple of grass mats on which they slept, a fragment of looking glass, and a bowl or two. In this pleasant land that is enough to start house-keeping on.

"They say that happy people have no history, and certainly a happy love has none. They did nothing all day long and yet the days seemed all too short. The girl had a native name, but Red called her Sally. He picked up the easy language very quickly, and he used to lie on the mat for hours while she chattered gaily to him. He was a silent fellow, and perhaps his mind was lethargic. He smoked incessantly the cigarettes which she made him out of the native tobacco and pandanus leaf, and he watched her while with deft fingers she made grass mats. Often natives would come in and tell long stories of the old days when the island was disturbed by tribal wars. Sometimes he would go fishing on the reef, and bring home a basket full of colored fish. Sometimes at night he would go out with a lantern to catch lobster. There were plantains round the hut and Sally would roast them for their frugal meal. She knew how to make delicious messes from coconuts, and the breadfruit tree by the side of the creek gave them its fruit. On feast days they killed a little pig and cooked it on hot stones. They bathed together in the creek; and in the evening they went down to the lagoon and paddled about in a dugout, with its great outrigger. The sea was deep blue, wine-colored at sundown, like the sea of Homeric Greece; but in the lagoon

the color had an infinite variety, aquamarine and amethyst and emerald; and the setting sun turned it for a short moment to liquid gold. Then there was the color of the coral, brown, white, pink, red, purple; and the shapes it took were marvellous. It was like a magic garden, and the hurrying fish were like butterflies. It strangely lacked reality. Among the coral were pools with a floor of white sand and here, where the water was dazzling clear, it was very good to bathe. Then, cool and happy, they wandered back in the gloaming over the soft grass road to the creek, walking hand-in-hand, and now the mynah birds filled the coconut trees with their clamor. And then the night, with that great sky shining with gold, that seemed to stretch more widely than the skies of Europe, and the soft airs that blew gently through the open hut, the long night again was all too short. She was sixteen and he was barely twenty. The dawn crept in among the wooden pillars of the hut and looked at those lovely children sleeping in one another's arms. The sun hid behind the great tattered leaves of the plantains so that it might not disturb them, and then, with playful malice, shot a golden ray, like the outstretched paw of a Persian cat, on their faces. They opened their sleepy eyes and they smiled to welcome another day. The weeks lengthened into months, and a year passed. They seemed to love one another—as, I hesitate to say passionately, for passion has in it always a shade of sadness, a touch of bitterness or anguish, but as whole heartedly, as simply and naturally as on that first day on which, meeting, they had recognized that a god was in them.

"If you had asked them I have no doubt that they would have thought it impossible to suppose their love could ever cease. Do we not know that the essential element of love is a belief in its own eternity? And yet, perhaps in Red there was already a very little seed, unknown to himself and unsuspected by the girl, which would in time have grown to weariness. For one day one of the natives from the cove told them that some way down the coast at the anchorage was a British whalingship.

"'Gee,' he said, 'I wonder if I could make a trade of some nuts and plantains for a pound or two of tobacco.'

"The pandanus cigarettes that Sally made him with untiring hands were strong and pleasant enough to smoke, but they left him unsatisfied; and he yearned on a sudden for real tobacco, hard, rank and pungent. He had not smoked a pipe for many months. His mouth watered at the thought of it. One would have thought some premonition of harm would have made Sally seek to dissuade him, but love possessed her so completely that it never occurred to her any power on earth could take him from her. They went up into the hills together and gathered a great basket of wild oranges, green, but sweet and juicy; and they picked plantains from around the hut, and coconuts from their trees, and breadfruit and mangoes; and they carried them down to the cove. They loaded the unstable canoe with them, and Red and the native boy who had brought them the news of the ship paddled along outside the reef.

"It was the last time she ever saw him.

"Next day the boy came back alone. He was all in tears. This is the story he told. When after their long paddle they reached the ship and Red hailed it, a white man looked over the side and told them to come on board. They took the fruit they had brought with them and Red piled it up on the deck. The white man and he began to talk, and they seemed to come to some agreement. One of them went below and

(Continued on page 47)

heads turn for
SOPHIA
LOREN





AND Sophia, thank you, has turned her head for NUGGET to pose for some of these remarkable photo studies our vagabond art director procured recently in Rome and Venice and which are now published for the first time on this side of the Atlantic.

Panting and lyrical copy writers and publicity men have compared "sultry Sophia, the Luscious Loren" to a volcano ("outwardly calm, yet seething with . . . destructive fire") a lioness ("tawny, lithe-limbed, and taloned") and a painting by Titian ("riply curved, statuesque, and exquisite coloration").



To prove that such adulation has some basis in fact, Miss Loren, whose nickname is "Sizzle," has manipulated her charming assets to 1) oust Gina Lollobrigida as Europe's No. 1 Siren, 2) establish herself in stardom by appearing in 24 films, of which "Neapolitan Carousel" and "Too Bad She's Bad" are current samples.








There's more to Sophia's story than her skyrocket rise to fame and collection of sports cars (5). She was born out of wedlock in a slummy suburb of Naples. Her childhood was a bitter period of scrambling for food and in and out of dank air raid shelters, and wondering if there could be anything in the future worth while. Then, at 14, the scrawny *gamine* blossomed almost overnight into a curvy, copper-haired, golden-eyed, bedroom-lipped beauty. "On the sidewalk," she recalls, "boys began to turn around and look at me. I was happy." The waif had burgeoned into woman, and Sophia was on her way.





She was beautiful, but sly. He was sure she'd killed her husband. As a detective, it was his duty to find out how.

Circumstantial Evidence

by Rod Gallagher

IT was the night he had been waiting for, the night that had filled his thoughts and his plans for eight long months now. Everything was just as he had visualized it—his small room, dimly lit, the curtains drawn, and Anna sitting on the edge of the bed and undoing the buttons on her blouse.

Yet, somehow, none of it seemed right.

Anna glanced up at him and hesitated for a moment, a slight bit of color coming to her cheeks. The corner of her mouth turned up in a slow, embarrassed smile. "Mark," she said softly, "you're staring at me."

He squirmed in his chair, smiled weakly at her, and reached for his brandy glass. He took a quick sip and then

looked down at the toes of his slippers. No, none of it was right. He was a homicide detective—a new detective and a young one, to be sure—but one who was never off duty, not even with Anna there.

He glanced over at her again. She had removed the blouse and had hung it carefully on the back of the chair near the bed. Now she sat with her skirt pulled back on her thighs while she unhooked taut garters and rolled down her stockings. She didn't look up at him this time, and he watched her for a moment longer.

Once again, the feeling of nothing being right came over him. Why, he asked himself, would a woman of her wealth and position so easily let herself be courted by a man like himself, a man with no bankroll, as far as she knew, and whom she'd met only a few days ago, though he had been watching her for weeks? Why had she so readily accepted his invitation tonight when she could have her pick of bright

young men around town who would want nothing more than to marry the rich widow Anna?

And how, he asked himself again, could a woman so soft and so completely feminine have planned and carried out a murder?

Of that he was sure. From the moment the newspapers carried the story of Anna's wedding to the industrialist in his late sixties, a man at least 40 years her senior, Mark knew with a policeman's instinct that something was wrong with the setup. There was. Three months after the wedding ceremony, the old man was dead. Heart failure, the medical examiner had said, shrugging his shoulders. After all, at that age, it's not at all an unusual way to die. Besides, there wasn't a mark of violence on the old man's body, and the autopsy had shown nothing to indicate anything other than a natural death.

So, the old man died and was buried, and Anna became one of the wealthiest women in the county. In just three short months. Somehow, it had never satisfied Mark or the rest of the group in Homicide. Tonight might help him find the answers to the questions that had been plaguing him.

He looked at Anna again. She had removed all her clothes now and stood with her back to him. The light from the lamp was feeble over there by the bed, but it seemed to touch the lines of her body with a soft glow that outlined the gentle roundness of her hips and the long, graceful lines of her legs.

Now he knew, why none of it was right. The plan was for him to use his youth and engaging ways to trap her, to make her acquaintance in a casual manner, not letting her ever know that he was a policeman, to make her fall for him—and then to get her to talk and give herself away in a weak moment. Now it all seemed foolish. Not only was it the silly scheme of a young detective out to uncover a crime where none appeared to be, but he, the young detective, had fallen into his own trap. He was in love with Anna.

She pulled back the cover and got into the bed. He watched her without moving, and he could feel the shame building up in him—shame at himself for being such a fool, for falling in love with her, and for thinking that he had put something over on her. Surely she must have guessed long ago. She must have known all along that he was a police detective working on his own time, trying to get evidence against her as a murderess. How else could he account for the fact that she was here with him now?

She smiled at him from across the room and then leaned her head back on the pillow. "Mark," she said so low that he could hardly hear her. "Mark, dear, please put out the light."

He got up from the chair and switched off the lamp and stood there for a moment in the darkness. Now he was even more confused than ever. Why was she carrying the game this far? Could it be possible that this was some sort of trick?

"Mark," she said again, and he forgot to think anymore. He moved quickly, eagerly, stumbling in his haste to remove his clothes—and then he finally had her clasped in his arms.

He closed his eyes and pulled her tightly to him and crushed his mouth down on hers. . . .

He lay there awake for a long while afterwards while she slept next to him, but it was a wakefulness that was as restful and comforting as sleep itself. A feeling of contentment and complete relaxation flowed over him.

Slowly, drowsily, he let himself slip closer towards sleep, but then Anna stirred next to him. She turned, moved closer to him, and the warmth of her overflowed him again.

Sleep was gone from his mind now, and when he felt her arm slip around his neck he knew that she, too, was

no longer asleep. Gently, tenderly, he held her, and this time there was no quick haste. She responded to his caresses with a languid softness that only intensified his feeling.

This time he fell asleep quickly, almost without realizing it. He was lost in a slumber that was completely dreamless, and it was with a feeling of slight irritation that he found himself slowly being drawn upward from that slumber by the sensation of a heavy weight being pulled across his forehead.

He awoke to find himself shouting into the darkness while Anna slowly caressed his forehead and tried to soothe him.

When he finally quieted down, she continued to stroke his forehead and said, "I awoke and touched your face and then you started to shout. You frightened me, darling."

He sat up in bed, no longer willing to sleep, but she slipped an arm up around his neck and pulled him down to her. He held back for a moment, but she put her mouth close to his ear and whispered, "Please, Mark. Please . . ."

It was an effort even to think of love this time.

He didn't awake again until just before dawn. The sky was already beginning to lighten, and some of the grayness had crept into the room. For a moment he didn't know why he had opened his eyes, but then he remembered the sensation of another mouth pressed down on his, of a kiss that was long and demanding, and he thought he had been dreaming again.

But when he looked about him he realized that he hadn't been dreaming. In the pale light that filtered into the room from the drawn curtains, he could see Anna next to him looking at him, smiling at him. She moved over to him, bent her head down to his, and kissed him. Her hair tumbled down about his face, and he found it difficult to breathe. He had to push her away from him, but she shook herself free of his grip and threw herself into his arms and clasped him tightly.

"Mark, darling," she said. "Don't turn away from me."

"Anna . . ." he began, but then stopped.

"Is something wrong?"

"No," he said wearily, aware that no man could admit to what he had been about to say. "No, Anna, there's nothing wrong." He put his arms about her and drew her close to him and hoped fervently that he would once more prove equal to the situation.

She snuggled her head down on his shoulder and made soft mewling sounds of delight—and that's when the whole thing suddenly became clear to him. Now he knew.

In the great feeling of weariness that had come over him, in the exhaustion that seemed to hold his entire body in its sway, he could also feel the inner knowledge that she had won. She had shown him that he could never prove the charge of murder against her, and she was sure enough of herself to let him see how it had been done.

There was no need for pretense on his part any more. She knew who he was. He pushed her away from him roughly and held her at arms' length. "Your husband," he said hoarsely. "His weak heart. Is this how . . .?"

She smiled at him, and in that smile there was the power of a woman with a man at her feet.

"My husband," she said softly. "He died a happy man."



A young French medical student was teaching the American nurses conversational French.

One of the staff doctors jokingly inquired: "Rene, have you taught the girls 'je vous aime' yet?"

"Ah, but no," he replied. "We save that until last, for you see, in France when the conversation reaches 'je vous aime'—there is no more conversation!"

Lyric with a Leer

The Met has Bastianini, the bobby soxers have Sinatra, but Cafe Society has Joe E. Lewis, night club troubadour, master renderer of the leering lyric. In New York, Miami, Chicago, or Las Vegas, wherever plush cafes sprout, tote boards twinkle, and men make merry far into the night, he is the idol of the snobs, the mobs, and the ringside tables. His jokes—"Money isn't everything, but it quiets the nerves"—and songs, one of which is printed here with his permission, have kept many a tired business man guffawing so hard he could barely see the chorus line. The wit and musical ribaldry of Joe E. has for more than 20 years been one of the prime sources of big city laughter in the mellowing hours before dawn . . .



"The Bird Song"

verse

Some folks I know, keep looking for coins and rare old stamps,
While others see what's cooking, with antique books and lamps
Some hobbies are like slavery. There's one, too tough for words.
This dame has got an aviary, and you should see her birds

chorus

She's got chanticleers and dicky birds,
Intelligent and tricky birds, that make the fellows follow her around.
Her crow is black and shiny,
And her hummingbirds are tiny, but she's got the biggest parakeets in town

She's got cockatoos and bobolinks.
In royal blue and dusty pinks, and you should see them hanging upside down.

It's thrilling to behold 'er,
When she wings them past her shoulder, 'cause she's got the biggest parakeets in town!
And every night, when she gets into bed,
She puts each one on a pillow.

They sound like Bing, when they begin to sing,
"Tit willow, tit willow, tit willow."

After holding them and petting them,
She gets a thrill in letting them go swinging from the ceiling to the ground.

Ask anyone who's seen 'em,
It's hard to choose between 'em, 'cause she's got the biggest parakeets in town!

There's no doubt, they stand out!
And they should be seen by every talent scout

Yessiree, they're for me!
I can hardly wait to see them on Tee-Vee!

This girl has a hobby, and believe me it's so absurd,
She has a great big bird cage—and you should see her birds.

Can't you picture her in love one day?
She tells her fiance, "okay," and on the day the wedding rolls around,
He loves the ground she stands on,
He can't wait to lay his hands on,
The biggest parakeets in town!!!

Imagine on her wedding night, when hubby dear turns out the light,
Next morning he wakes up with such a frown, as he goes to caress her,
He sees them on the dresser,
The biggest parakeets in town!!!



Words and Music
Ben Oakland
and Eddie Maxwell



"We are not selling you merely a garment Mr. Frobish—but a way of life."

brought up tobacco. Red took some at once and lit a pipe. The boy imitated the zest with which he blew a great cloud of smoke from his mouth. Then they said something to him and he went into the cabin. Through the open door the boy, watching curiously, saw a bottle brought out and glasses. Red drank and smoked. They seemed to ask him something for he shook his head and laughed. The man, the first man who had spoken to them, laughed too, and he filled Red's glass once more. They went on talking and drinking, and presently, growing tired of watching a sight that meant nothing to him, the boy curled himself up on the deck and slept. He was awakened by a kick; and jumping to his feet, he saw that the ship was slowly sailing out of the lagoon. He caught sight of Red seated at the table, with his head resting heavily on his arms, fast asleep. He made a movement towards him, intending to wake him, but a rough hand seized his arm, and a man, with a scowl and words which he did not understand, pointed to the side. He shouted to Red, but in a moment he was seized and flung overboard. Helpless, he swam round to his canoe which was drifting a little way off, and pushed it on to the reef. He climbed in and, sobbing all the way, paddled back to shore.

"What had happened was obvious enough. The whaler, by desertion or sickness, was short of hands, and the captain when Red came aboard had asked him to sign on; on his refusal he had made him drunk and kidnapped him.

"Sally was beside herself with grief. For days she screamed and cried. The natives did what they could to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. She would not eat. And then, exhausted, she sank into a sullen apathy. She spent long days at the cove, watching the lagoon, in the vain hope that Red somehow or other would manage to escape. She sat on the white sand, hour after hour, with the tears running down her cheeks, and at night dragged herself wearily back across the creek to the little hut where she had been happy. The people with whom she had lived before Red came to the island wished her to return to them, but she would not; she was convinced that Red would come back, and she wanted him to find her where he had left her. Four months later she was delivered of a still-born child, and the old woman who had come to help her through her confinement remained with her in the hut. All joy was taken from her life. If her anguish with time became less intolerable it was replaced by a settled melancholy. You would not have thought that among these people, whose emotions, though so violent, are very transient, a woman could be found capable of so enduring a passion. She never lost the profound conviction that sooner or later Red would come back. She watched for him, and every time someone crossed this slender little bridge of coconut trees she looked. It might at last be he."

Neilson stopped talking and gave a faint sigh. "And what happened to her in the end?" asked the skipper.

"Oh, three years afterwards she took up with another white man."

The skipper gave a fat, cynical chuckle.

"That's generally what happens to them," he said.

The Swede shot him a look of hatred. He did not know why that gross, obese man excited in him so violent a repulsion. But his thoughts wandered and he found his mind filled with memories of the past. He went back five and twenty years. It was when he first came to the island, weary of Apia, with its heavy drinking, its gambling and coarse sensuality, a sick man, trying to resign himself to the loss of

the career which had fired his imagination with ambitious thoughts. He set behind him resolutely all his hopes of making a great name for himself and strove to content himself with the few poor months of careful life which was all that he could count on. He was boarding with a half-caste trader who had a store a couple of miles along the coast at the edge of a native village; and one day, wandering aimlessly along the grassy paths of the coconut groves, he had come upon the hut in which Sally lived. The beauty of the spot had filled him with a rapture so great that it was almost painful, and then he had seen Sally. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen, and the sadness in those dark, magnificent eyes of hers had affected him strangely. The Kanakas were a handsome race, and beauty was not rare among them, but it was the beauty of shapely animals. It was empty. But those tragic eyes were dark with mystery, and you felt in them the bitter complexity of the groping, human soul. The trader told him the story and it moved him.

"Do you think he'll ever come back?" asked Neilson.

"No fear. Why, it'll be a couple of years before the ship is paid off, and by then he'll have forgotten all about her. I bet he was pretty mad when he woke up and found he'd been shanghaied, and I shouldn't wonder but he wanted to fight somebody. But he'd got to grin and bear it, and I guess in a month he was thinking it the best thing that had ever happened to him that he got away from the island."

But Neilson could not get the story out of his head. Perhaps because he was sick and weakly, the radiant health of Red appealed to his imagination. Himself an ugly man, insignificant of appearance, he prized very highly comeliness in others. He had never been passionately in love, and certainly he had never been passionately loved. The mutual attraction of those two young things gave him a singular delight. It had the ineffable beauty of the Absolute. He went again to the little hut by the creek. He had a gift for languages and an energetic mind, accustomed to work, and he had already given much time to the study of the local tongue. Old habit was strong in him and he was gathering together material for a paper on the Samoan speech. The old crone who shared the hut with Sally invited him to come in and sit down. She gave him kava to drink and cigarettes to smoke. She was glad to have someone to chat with and while she talked he looked at Sally. She reminded him of the Psyche in the museum at Naples. Her features had the same clear purity of line, and though she had borne a child she had still a virginal aspect.

It was not till he had seen her two or three times that he induced her to speak. Then it was only to ask him if he had seen in Apia a man called Red. Two years had passed since his disappearance, but it was plain that she still thought of him incessantly.

It did not take Neilson long to discover that he was in love with her. It was only by an effort of will now that he prevented himself from going every day to the creek, and when he was not with Sally his thoughts were. At first, looking upon himself as a dying man, he asked only to look at her, and occasionally hear her speak, and his love gave him a wonderful happiness. He exulted in its purity. He wanted nothing from her but the opportunity to weave around her graceful person a web of beautiful fancies. But the open air, the equable temperature, the rest, the simple fare, began to have an unexpected effect on his health. His temperature did not soar at night to such alarming heights, he coughed less

(Continued on page 67)



Happy New Year!



And many of them. That is the toast of our cover girl, Arlene Hunter, who's also shown here the Queen of NUGGET'S New Year's Eve festivities. Somewhere in the evening's merriments, our Cinderella lost her slippers. If someone snatched them to drink champagne from, he sobered up fast. With Miss Hunter's deeply appreciated assistance, we offer 1956 the warmest possible welcome and wish our readers a year of health, prosperity, and many diverting hours with NUGGET



by O. Henry

THE REMNANTS OF THE CODE

Blythe was thirsty enough to blackmail, but also he was
a gentleman to the core

BREAKFAST in Coralio was at eleven. Therefore, the people did not go to market early. The little wooden market-house stood on a patch of short-trimmed grass, under the vivid green foliage of a bread-fruit tree.

There, one morning, the vendors leisurely gathered, bringing their wares with them. A porch or platform six feet wide encircled the building, shaded from the mid-morning sun by the projecting, grass-thatched roof. Upon this platform, the vendors usually displayed their goods—newly-killed beef, fish, crabs, fruit of the country, cassava, eggs, *dulces* and high, tottering stacks of native tortillas as large around as the sombrero of a Spanish grandee.

But on this morning, they whose stations lay on the seaward side of the market-house, instead of spreading their merchandise, formed themselves into a softly jabbering and gesticulating group. For there, upon their space of the platform, was sprawled, asleep, the unbeautiful figure of Beelzebub Blythe. He lay upon a ragged strip of cocoa matting, more than ever a fallen angel in appearance. His

suit of coarse flax, soiled, bursting at the seams, crumpled into a thousand diversified wrinkles and creases, inclosed him absurdly, like the garb of some effigy that had been stuffed in sport and thrown there after indignity had been wrought upon it. But firmly upon the high bridge of his nose reposed his gold-rimmed glasses, the surviving badge of his ancient glory.

The sun's rays, reflecting quiveringly from the rippling sea upon his face, and the voices of the marketmen woke Beelzebub Blythe. He sat up, blinking and leaned his back against the wall of the market. Drawing a worn silk handkerchief from his pocket, he assiduously rubbed and burnished his glasses. And while doing this he became aware that his bedroom had been invaded, and that polite brown and yellow men were beseeching him to vacate in favor of their market stuff.

If the señor would have the goodness—a thousand pardons for bringing to him molestation—but soon would come the *compradores* for the day's provisions—surely they had ten

thousand regrets at disturbing him!

In this manner they extended to him the intimation that he must clear out and cease to clog the wheels of trade.

Blythe stepped from the platform with the air of a prince leaving his canopied couch. He never quite lost that air, even at the lowest point of his fall. It is clear that the college of good breeding does not necessarily maintain a chair of morals within its walls.

Blythe shook out his twisted clothing, and moved slowly up the Calle Grande through the hot sand. He moved without a destination in his mind. The little town was languidly stirring to its daily life. Golden-skinned babies tumbled over one another in the grass. The sea breeze brought him appetite, but nothing to satisfy it. Throughout Coralio were its morning odors—those from the heavily fragrant tropical flowers and from the bread baking in the outdoor ovens of clay and the pervading smoke of their fires. Where the smoke cleared, the crystal air, with some of the efficacy of faith, seemed to remove the mountains almost to the sea, bringing them so near that one might count the scarred glades on their wooded sides. The light-footed Caribs were swiftly gliding to their tasks at the waterside. Already along the bosky trails from the banana groves, files of horses were slowly moving, concealed, except for their nodding heads and plodding legs, by the bunches of green-golden fruit heaped upon their backs. On doorsteps sat women combing their long, black hair and calling, one to another, across the narrow thoroughfares. Peace reigned in Coralio—arid and bald peace; but still peace.

On that bright morning when nature seemed to be offering the lotus on the dawn's golden platter, Beelzebub Blythe had reached rock bottom. Further descent seemed impossible. That last night's slumber in a public place had done him in. As long as he had had a roof to cover him, there had remained, unbridged, the space that separates a gentleman from the beasts of the jungle and the fowls of the air. But now he was little more than a whimpering oyster led to be devoured on the sands of a Southern sea by the artful walrus, circumstance, and the implacable carpenter, fate.

To Blythe, money was now but a memory. He had drained his friends of all that their good-fellowship had to offer; then he had squeezed them to the last drop of their generosity; and at the last, Aaron-like, he had smitten the rock of their hardening bosoms for the scattering, ignoble drops of charity itself.

He had exhausted his credit to the last real. With the minute keenness of the shameless sponger, he was aware of every source in Coralio from which a glass of rum, a meal, or a piece of silver could be wheedled. Marshalling each such source in his mind, he considered it all with the thoroughness and penetration that hunger and thirst lent him for the task. All his optimism failed to thresh a grain of hope from the chaff of his postulations. He had played out the game. That one night in the open had shaken his nerves. Until then there had been left to him at least a few grounds upon which he could base his unblushing demands upon his neighbors' stores. Now he must beg instead of borrowing. The most brazen sophistry could not dignify by the name of "loan" the coin contemptuously flung to a beach comber who slept on the bare boards of the public market.

But on this morning no beggar would have more thankfully received a charitable coin, for the demon thirst had him by the throat—the drunkard's matutinal thirst that requires to be slaked at each morning station on the road to Tophet.

Blythe walked slowly up the street, keeping a watchful eye for any miracle that might drop manna upon him in his

wilderness. As he passed the popular eating house of Madama Vasquez, Madama's boarders were just sitting down to freshly-baked bread, *aguacates*, pineapple and delicious coffee that sent forth odorous guarantee of its quality upon the breeze. Madama was serving; she saw Blythe, and her expression turned more shy and embarrassed. Beelzebub owed her twenty *pesos*. He bowed as he had once bowed to less embarrassed dames to whom he owed nothing, and passed on.

Merchants and their clerks were throwing open the solid wooden doors of their shops. Polite but cool were the glances they cast upon Blythe as he lounged tentatively by with the remains of his old jaunty air; for they were his creditors almost without exception.

At the little fountain in the plaza he made an apology for a toilet with his wetted handkerchief. Across the open square filed the dolorous line of friends of the prisoners in the *calaboza*, bringing the morning meal of the inmates. The food in their hands aroused small longing in Blythe. It was drink that his soul craved, or money to buy it.

In the streets he met many with whom he had been friends and equals, and whose patience and liberality he had gradually exhausted. Willard Geddie and Paula cantered past him with the coolest of nods, returning from their daily horseback ride along the old Indian road. Keogh passed him at another corner, whistling cheerfully and carrying a prize of newly-laid eggs for the breakfast of himself and Clancy. The jovial scout of fortune was one of Blythe's victims, who had plunged his hand oftenest into his pocket to aid him. But now it seemed that Keogh, too, had fortified himself against further invasions. His curt greeting and the ominous light in his full grey eye quickened the steps of Beelzebub, whom desperation had almost incited to attempt an additional "loan."

Three drinking shops the forlorn one next visited in succession. In all of these, his money, his credit and his welcome had long since been spent; but Blythe felt that he would have fawned in the dust at the feet of an enemy that morning for one drink of *aguardiente*. In two of the *pulquerias* his courageous petition for drink was met with a refusal so polite that it stung worse than abuse. The third establishment had acquired something of American methods; and here he was seized bodily and cast out upon his hands and knees.

This physical indignity caused a singular change in the man. As he picked himself up and walked away, an expression of absolute relief came upon his features. The specious and conciliatory smile that had been carved there was succeeded by a look of calm and sinister resolve. Beelzebub had been floundering in the sea of improbity, holding by a slender life-line to the respectable world that had cast him overboard. He must have felt that with this ultimate shock the line had snapped, and so experienced the welcome ease of the drowning swimmer who has ceased to struggle.

Blythe walked to the next corner and stood there while he brushed the sand from his garments and repolished his glasses.

"I've got to do it—oh, I've got to do it," he told himself, aloud. "If I had a quart of rum, I believe I could stave it off yet—for a little while. But there's no more rum for—Beelzebub, as they call me. By the flames of Tartarus! If I'm to sit at the right hand of Satan, somebody has got to pay the court expenses. You'll have to pony up, Mr. Frank Goodwin. You're a good fellow; but a gentleman must draw the line at being kicked into the gutter. Blackmail isn't a pretty word, but it's the next station on the road I'm traveling."

(Continued on next page)

With purpose in his steps, Blythe now moved rapidly through the town by way of its landward surroundings. He passed through the squalid quarters of the improvident Negroes and on beyond the picturesque shacks of the poorer *mestizos*. From many points along his course he could see, through the umbrageous glades, the house of Frank Goodwin on its wooded hill. And as he crossed the little bridge over the lagoon he saw the old Indian, Galvez, scrubbing at the wooden slab that bore the name of Miraflores. Beyond the lagoon, the lands of Goodwin began to slope gently upward. A grassy road, shaded by a munificent and diverse array of tropical flora, wound from the edge of an outlying banana grove to the dwelling. Blythe took this road with long and purposeful strides.

Goodwin was seated on his coolest gallery, dictating letters to his secretary, a sallow and capable native youth. The household adhered to the American plan of breakfast; and that meal had been a thing of the past for the better part of an hour.

The castaway walked to the steps and flourished a hand. "Good morning, Blythe," said Goodwin, looking up. "Come in and have a chair. Anything I can do for you?"

"I want to speak to you in private."

Goodwin nodded at his secretary, who strolled out under a mango tree and lit a cigarette. Blythe took the chair that he had left vacant.

"I want some money," he began, doggedly.

"I'm sorry," said Goodwin, with equal directness, "but you can't have any. You're drinking yourself to death, Blythe. Your friends have done all they could to help you to brace up. You won't help yourself. There's no use furnishing you with money to ruin yourself with any longer."

"Dear man," said Blythe, tilting back his chair, "it isn't a question of social economy now. It's past that. I like you, Goodwin; and I've come to stick a knife between your ribs. I was kicked out of Espada's saloon this morning, and society owes me reparation for my wounded feelings."

"I didn't kick you out."

"No; but in a general way you represent society; and in a particular way, you represent my last chance. I've had to come down to it, old man—I tried to do it a month ago when Losada's man was here turning things over; but I couldn't do it then. Now it's different. I want a thousand dollars, Goodwin; and you have to give it to me."

"Only last week," said Goodwin, with a smile, "a silver dollar was all you were asking for."

"An evidence," said Blythe, flippantly, "that I was still virtuous—though under heavy pressure. The wages of sin should be something higher than a *peso* worth forty-eight cents. Let's talk business. I am the villain in the third act; and I must have my merited, if only temporary, triumph. I saw you collar the late president's valiseful of boodle. Oh, I know it's blackmail; but I'm liberal about the price. I know I'm a cheap villain—one of the regular sawmill-drama kind—but you're one of my particular friends, and I don't want to stick you hard."

"Suppose you go into the details," suggested Goodwin, calmly arranging his letters on the table.

"All right," said "Beelzebub." "I like the way you take it. I despise histrionics; so you will please prepare yourself for the facts without any red fire, calcium or grace notes on the saxophone."

"On the night that His Fly-by-night Excellency arrived in town I was very drunk. You will excuse the pride with which

I state that fact; but it was quite a feat for me to attain that desirable state. Somebody had left a cot out under the orange trees in the yard of Madama Ortiz's hotel. I stepped over the wall, lay down upon it, and fell asleep. I was awakened by an orange that dropped from the tree upon my nose; and I lay there for a while cursing Sir Isaac Newton, or whoever it was that invented gravitation, for not confining his theory to apples.

"And then along come Mr. Miraflores and his true-love, with the treasury in a valise, and went into the hotel. Next you slid into sight and held a pow-wow with the tonsorial artist who insisted upon talking shop after hours. I tried to slumber again; but once more my rest was disturbed—this time by the noise of the popgun that went off upstairs. Then that valise come crashing down into an orange tree just above my head; and I rose from my couch, not knowing when it might begin to rain Saratoga trunks. When the army and the constabulary began to arrive, with their medals and decorations hastily pinned to their pajamas, and their snickersnees drawn, I crawled into the welcome shadow of a banana plant. I remained there for an hour, by which time the excitement and the people had cleared away. And then, my dear Goodwin—excuse me—I saw you sneak back and pluck that ripe and juicy valise from the orange tree. I followed you, and saw you take it to your own house. A hundred-thousand-dollar crop from one orange tree in a season about breaks the record of the fruit-growing industry."

"Being a gentleman at that time, of course, I never mentioned the incident to any one. But this morning I was kicked out of a saloon, my code of honor is all out at the elbows, and I'd sell my mother's prayer-book for three fingers of *aguardiente*. I'm not putting on the screws hard. It ought to be worth a thousand to you for me to have slept on that cot through the whole business without waking up and seeing anything."

Goodwin opened two more letters, and made memoranda in pencil on them. Then he called "Manuel!" to his secretary, who spryly came.

"The *Ariel*—when does she sail?" asked Goodwin.

"Señor," answered the youth, "at three this afternoon. She drops down-coast to Punta Soledad to complete her cargo of fruit. From there she sails for New Orleans without delay."

"Buena!" said Goodwin. "These letters may wait a while."

The secretary returned to his cigarette under the mango tree.

"In round numbers," said Goodwin, facing Blythe squarely, "how much money do you owe in this town, not including the sums you have 'borrowed' from me?"

"Five hundred—at a rough guess," answered Blythe, lightly.

"Go somewhere in the town and draw up a schedule of your debts," said Goodwin. "Come back here in two hours, and I will send Manuel with the money to pay them. I will also have a decent outfit of clothing ready for you. You will sail on the *Ariel* at three. Manuel will accompany you as far as the deck of the steamer. There he will hand you one thousand dollars in cash. I suppose that we needn't discuss what you will be expected to do in return."

"Oh, I understand," piped Blythe, cheerily. "I was asleep all the time on the cot under Madama Ortiz's orange trees; and I shake off the dust of Coralio forever. I'll play fair. No more of the lotus for me. Your proposition is okay. You're a good fellow, Goodwin; and I let you off lightly. I'll agree. But in the meantime—I've a devil of a thirst on."

(Continued on page 72)

NUGGET

2nd visit
to France

VIVE LA CHASSE



"Excuse me
... uh ... sir."



"Young lady, you
were hired to scrub
floors."



We're back again with another generous serving of French gaieties, this time a bouillabaisse of photographs, contes, and an extraordinary adventure in the life of a gay roué.

Precocious Enfant

A conscientious mother arrived at the school in great alarm. "I'd like to talk to you about my Victor," she said to the teacher. "The child's behaviour has me worried."

After class was dismissed, the young teacher asked the boy to stay. "Tell me, my little Victor, what is the matter with you? Your mother has told me that you are very bored. You do not eat or sleep. Don't you feel well?"

Victor shook his head at her to say no.

"You know," she went on, "You can tell me the truth. I understand things very well. Tell me what is wrong."

"Very well," said the boy, "I'll tell you the truth. I am bored with everything else because I am in love with you."

The teacher was shocked. "In love with me?" she gasped. "At eight years old! Don't be silly, Victor. Think of it. I am a lady—a grown-up woman. I'll probably wish for a husband some day, a man, but I don't want a child."

"Well, if that is the way you feel," said little Victor, "you needn't worry. We shall be very careful!"

la difference

Pierre: "Quelle est la difference entre un homme et une femme?"

Pierrot: "La difference entre."

Trio

Pierre loved Amelie devotedly and she gave all evidence of returning his love. Claude was Pierre's oldest friend and Amelie gave no signs of resentment when Claude joined them everywhere.

Whether it was walking in the Bois, sipping apéritifs in the sidewalk cafés, watching the girls at the Folies or gasping at the Apaches in Pigalle, it was always the three. All Paris watched and admired the devotion of Pierre and Amelie and the undying friendship of Pierre and Claude.

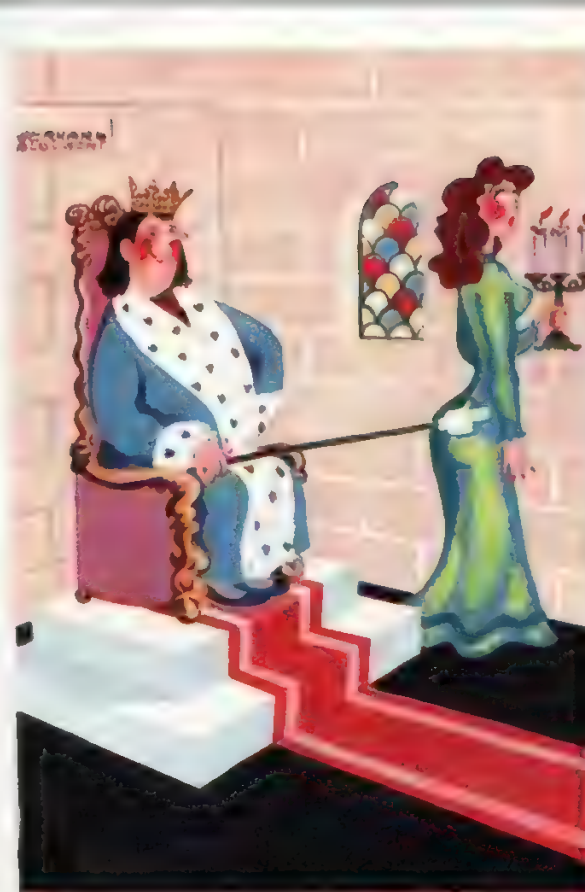
And then one day, tragedy struck—a tragedy that was to break up the Devoted Threesome. Amelie took sick and died.

In the first coach on the way to the Père Lachaise, Claude gave way to his grief for his friend. He wept unashamedly, beat his breast and made no attempt to hide his feelings.

Pierre could stand it no longer. He put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Do not take it so hard, mon brave. I'll be getting another wife."



"It all depends, Marie,
on your point of view."



A Fool and Her Money

From the Place Pigalle came the outraged voice of a mademoiselle: "Gendarme, help! I have been robbed."

"Robbed," asked the gendarme. "You mean someone took your pocketbook?"

"No. He took the money I had in my stocking."

"Impossible. How could anyone take the money from your stocking without your stopping them?"

"Bah, you fool! How could I know he was after my money?"



"And yet you still don't see the whole picture."



"A spectacular performance. Time to pass the
hat."

"And what, may I ask, is so refined about
wearing a hat to the table?"



Place de la Concorde

Boulevard des
Capucines, as usual



AFTER ignoring several cabled reminders, our amiably disorganized Continental correspondent, Maxwell, finally airmailed this issue's copy, late and wine-stained. There wasn't time before going to press to straighten out his thoughts or check his information, so we pass it on to you, virtually unedited:



No complaints about the costumes at the Lido



A case of stiff neck

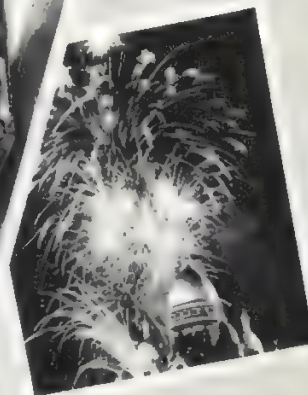


THE news from Paris is . . . women. Sometimes if I am awakened early I hear talk about a Cabinet crisis or trouble in North Africa or something. But who can concentrate in the middle of the afternoon? No, despite what the papers say, the news from Paris is, as always, *femmes—mesdames, mesdemoiselles, petites poules*. Beginning at the Place de la Concorde, I walked along Rue Rivoli and then up Boulevard des Capucines, toward L'Opéra. Since passage of that law forbidding them to operate in houses, the girls have taken to the streets. They are still beautiful, of course, and they have in addition, developed techniques of suggestion and invitation that are irresistible. (See my expense account.) Took in a Can-Can and the Folies Bergeres. The latter has been criticised lately for showing too much costume, too little skin, but what skin is there is top quality. To appreciate this I had to buy expensive, front-row seats. (See expense account.) At the Lido there are no complaints: there are 36 girls and only 35 costumes, and these are mostly headaddress. Girls get stiff necks, however, and have to knead each other back into condition. *En route* to Montmartre for fireworks, I found an inviting little *boite*. Imagine my delight seeing a girl dressed as a bookshelf wandering among the tables, offering for sale volumes of the highest literary quality. Very pleasant to sit there, sip champagne and browse, instead of slogging from stall to stall along the Seine in this wet, raw weather. Purchased a small library (see expense item "Education & Research") and if I didn't have your confounded deadline to meet, I might have bought out her shop. She had many attractive items . . . *Au revoir*,

Maxwell



The well-stacked book stall invites browsing



Montmartre la nuit



Eternal standards at the Folies Bergeres



Kicking the Can-Can

Rolande and the black sash

by J. G. Darius

"Impossible."
"Unbelievable."
"Preposterous."

All of us around the back table in the Cafe des Eglantines that day knew Toto to be a braggart, but we could not let him get away with his last statement. "Not once have I been defeated. I have possessed every woman I ever desired." He looked at us, his dark eyes twinkling in defiant amusement, as though daring us to disprove him. It was an outrageous remark, but in a way I half believed him. He was no longer a young man, but still good looking, and in his youth, with his long Roman nose and wavy black hair, he very probably was a lady killer.

"Certainly there must have been one that turned you down. Have you never, for example, been tempted by the external charms of a . . . well, a woman that prefers other women?"

"Fortunately, no," said Toto. "But there was another—ah, *chere* Rolande, I'll never forget her who was very difficult. Hundreds of men had tried without success. I was the only one who ever learned her secret." He paused, awaiting encouragement.

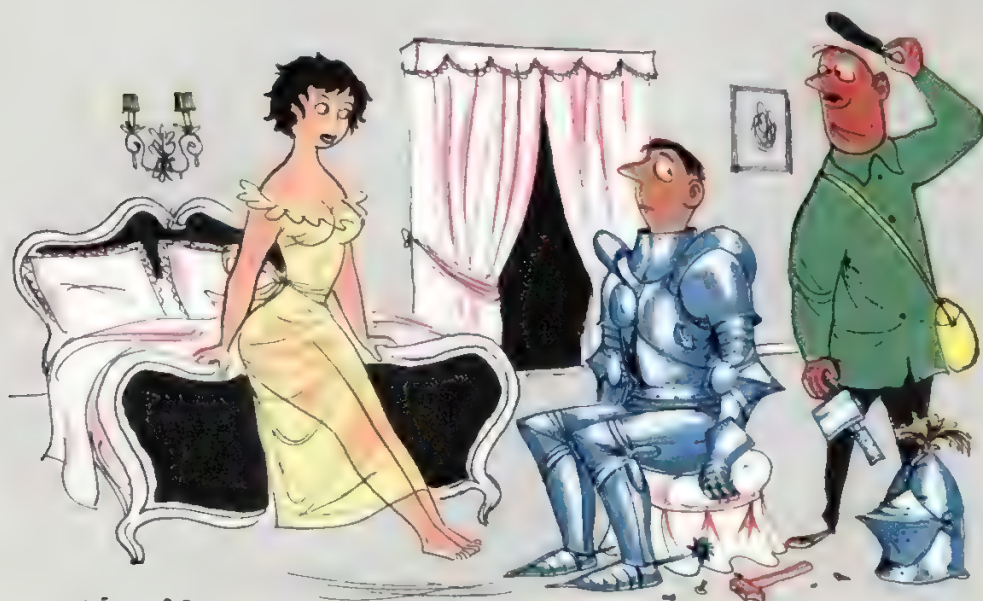
"All right, Toto. Tell us about her," someone said. Another round of pernod was ordered and we all leaned forward, for Toto had the braggart's one redeeming feature, the ability to tell a good story.

It was while I was working for Jean Drouin, that pig who owned Les Trois Pointes when it was the liveliest boite in Paris. I'll say that much for Drouin. Although he had the morals of a slug, he knew a good act when he saw one. Rolande had come for a job. She was a tall girl, long supple thighs, rounded flare of hips, flat waist, and high thrusting breasts. She was beautiful but then she had to be. Her body was her business. Drouin said, "Let's see what you have." Rolande started to open her portfolio of pictures.

"Not pictures," said Drouin, leering.

Rolande looked at him as you might look at an insect before you step on it. Then she

She didn't hide her secret. Everybody could see it, for a price, but it was up to Toto to learn what it meant



"I think I'll date on Adam for the next masquerade."

gracefully leaned down and undid a few buttons near the hem of her sheath-tight black dress. She rose slowly, lazily, bringing the skirt up with her. And when the skirt was as high as it would go, Drouin let out his breath with a gasp. The legs were long and perfect, slim and swelling as the thighs neared the waist. There was a slight concavity on the inner side of each thigh above the tops of Rolande's nylons and below the hem of the black panties.

"Mon dieu!" I cried. My cigarette had burned my fingers.

Drouin stood up and went around the desk. When he drew near Rolande she dropped the skirt. "Do I get a job?" she asked.

"If the second floor is like the first floor . . ." Drouin was staring at her breasts which were enough to make one forget the legs. He brought his fat hand upward. Rolande pushed it away.

"You can look," she said. "Everybody can look."

That's how I make my living. But don't touch." Then she opened her blouse and *Voila!* Never had I seen such mounded loveliness. Firm, proud, and tipped with breathtaking coral.

Drouin mopped his brow. "You start tonight," he said.

When Rolande left, he jumped on me. "Toto, I must have that woman. You must get her for me."

"Me?" As an assistant to an *impressaire*, one is called upon to do many strange things, but this seemed beyond duty. And besides, think of the personal sacrifice. I was myself tempted by the lady.

"*Oui*, Toto. You have handsomeness, *savoir faire*. You win her confidence, then speak to her in my behalf. Make the proposition for me." He blinked his small eyes, waiting for me to agree. I did. Good jobs were scarce in those days and also the undertaking promised to be interesting.

(Continued on page 63)

Mme Rochas and
Mlle "Femme" at the
anniversaire at
Maxim's



a P.S. from Maxwell

Almost forgot to tell you about the birthday party Madame Rochas threw at Maxim's for her elegant perfume, "Femme." Mme. Rochas was the chic and cordial hostess, but the hit of the festivities was the model dressed in lace to resemble the packaging of the product.

And have you heard about the new film actress, Vlady? (See below.) She is Hungarian by birth but Parisienne by destiny, one of the youngest and most talented—externally, at least—starlets ever to capture the eyes and imaginations of our jaded film producers. Best to all, M. P.P.S. Please cable expense money. M.



Marina Vlady,
the young and
the beautiful



Game of Catch

A stout French businessman recently visited a smart Paris reducing salon and was favorably impressed with a course of treatment that guaranteed results within one hour.

"And how much weight will I lose?" he asked.

"With the 10,000 franc treatment, ten pounds in one hour, Monsieur. For 20,000 francs, you can lose fifteen pounds in one hour."

"I think the 10,000 franc treatment will be satisfactory," said the client, "particularly considering the difference in price."

He was shown to a locker room, where he was weighed and measured, and after undressing he was led to a large hall where he stood alone for several minutes wondering what would happen next. Suddenly there appeared a ravishingly beautiful girl, completely naked except for a sign around her neck which read, "If you catch me, I'm yours!"

The businessman had never seen anyone so seductive and as the girl bounded away like a deer, he dashed after her in hot pursuit, but in spite of his exerted efforts, he couldn't catch up to her. She vanished as suddenly as she had appeared, and to his surprise, he realized the hour was over. An attendant arrived and led him back to the locker room, and, sure enough, he had lost ten pounds.

"I must return," he thought. "If that is what happens for 10,000 francs, the 20,000 franc treatment must be terrific! This time I'll really show that I can run."

After a restless night the client returned to the salon, and went through the same procedure of being weighed, stripped and measured. He waited in the empty hall impatiently. All at once, in burst a huge and horrifying gorilla. Around its neck was a sign reading, "If I catch you, you're mine!"

Congenital Courtesy

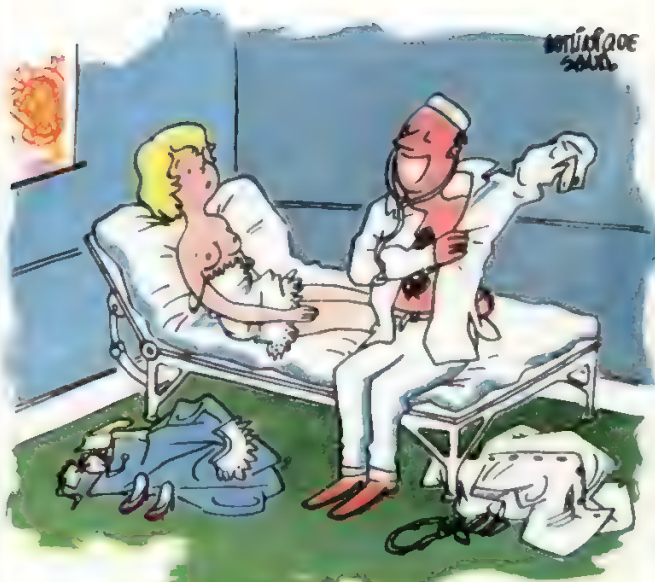
"Doctor," said the lady, "I have come to consult you about a very delicate subject. I am pregnant."

"You are unmarried?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, no! It is my husband who worries me. He uses the vilest language from morning to night, and I am afraid of the hereditary influence. What should I do to prevent the baby from being like my husband?"

"Very simple, Madame. Every morning on arising, stand before a mirror and press hard against your abdomen. While you are thus, repeat five times: 'I will be polite.'"

The lady followed the doctor's instructions. Months passed, but when she was due, nothing happened. Years passed. Still no delivery. At the age of 95 the lady died and an autopsy was performed revealing two little old men. "After you, my dear brother," said one. "But no, after you," said the other.



"You're in excellent health, Miss Dupont. Drop back in a few months if there is anything new."



"Wait, let me guess. It may take me some time."

A Little Lait

It is a commonplace that many French *filles* are strangely attached to their *maquereaux* (procurers). But possibly nowhere is this servitude more clearly expressed than in the story of Maxine, the fading, gangling, dyed-blondie merchandiser of Jacques Morin, whose main claim to fame was that he was the meanest man in the world's meanest profession.

This was shortly after the war, and it was cold, as only Paris, with its chill rains and lack of central heating, can be cold. For hours Maxine had been roaming the streets of an industrial suburb. Competition had long since banished her from the center of the city where the tourists thronged. She stopped into a tiny bar for a warming cup of *café au lait* and was startled to find Jacques loitering at a table near the stove.

"What are you doing in here?" he demanded.

"It is so cold and wet, there is no business on the streets. I just came in to get warm and have a cup of coffee," Maxine explained.

Jacques scowled and snapped to the proprietor: "Give her a *demi-tasse* of coffee. Black." By not ordering *café au lait*, he saved ten francs. "All right," he growled, and extended his hand, making the "gimme" motion with his fingers.

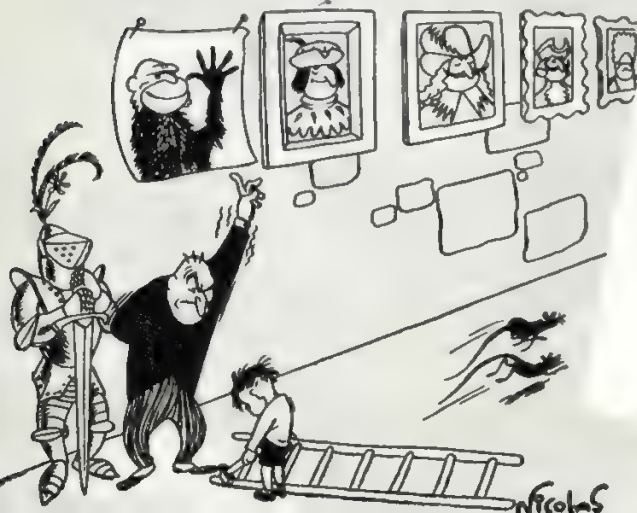
Slowly Maxine put her numb, chapped fingers in a fold of chemise inside her dress, withdrew a 100-franc note and gave it to him.

"Is that all?" Jacques was furious. Although it had been months since he had sent her a customer, he accused her of wasting time.

"But, Jacques," she cried, half in tears, "it is so miserable out, no one is on the streets. You can step outside and see for yourself. And I am so cold and hungry. I can't remember when I last ate. I just thought a minute or two here inside . . ."

"Shut up!" he ordered. As Maxine began to sob, he snapped his fingers for the proprietor. "A little *lait* to stop this snivelling." When the warm milk was added to the coffee that remained in her cup, Maxine savored its heat and fragrance. Her sobs stopped and her hand crept back inside her dress near her breast. She produced another 100-franc note and extended it to Jacques with a sad, little smile.

"Here," she said. "How could any girl hold out on a nice man like you?"



A streetcar named "Desire?"

ROLANDE AND THE BLACK SASH

(Continued from page 59)

From the first night, Rolande entranced the audiences at Les Trois Pointes. She did not do a standard dance, but with her assets, even that would have been *magnifique*. Instead she performed on a large circular bed with only a long black sash for costume. A single spotlight shone down on her. The rest of the stage was dark. And Rolande was alone with her sash, a few feet of black gossamer fabric.

She didn't jiggle lewdly. She didn't bounce or kick. She never left the circular bed. But she made love to the black sash, and the sash was every man in her audience. They didn't make a sound. They just watched. They watched the few feet of black fabric as they entwined about Rolande's thighs, caressed the white roundness of her hips, and stroked her bold breasts. And then, completely spent, the limp sash would lie across Rolande's body, covering her thigh and her navel in a soft black cloud. The customers brought the house down with their applause.

After every show Drouin pleaded, his face very pale: "Set the stage for me, Toto, that's all. Tell her anything you have to."

I was trying, but working slowly, over aperitifs at the bistro around the corner and walks on the boulevard at dusk. It was very difficult but I kept praising that swine, Drouin. Rolande was pleasant but not receptive. She was cold in some way I could not define. One night I invited her to my apartment. She accepted, but said, "You're an intelligent man, Toto. Don't make a fool of yourself when I get there."

She arrived at eight and I served her absinthe that was almost priceless, since it had been declared illegal. We had two glasses each. A half glassful would have made most women agreeable to anything. As for me, it made it hard to concentrate on my work. There was the musky, seductive odor of her perfume, and the faint warm pressure of her thigh against mine as we sat on the divan. Suddenly I forgot all about Drouin and my job and leaned over and kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm. When I forced her lips apart with mine, they parted, but mechanically, without passion. When I stroked her throat and shoulder and began moving my hand down to fondle those exquisite breasts that, peeping from the V of her dress, had been tantalizing me from the moment Rolande came in, she sat back slackly, stonily indifferent. She was someplace else. On the moon maybe.

I drew away, puzzled.

"Are you finished," she asked coldly.

"I don't understand," I said.

"I didn't think you would."

"But . . ."

"You mean because I expose myself? That has nothing to do with sex, Toto. That's the way it's always been for me. It is business. I have something men like to see. The pay is good, and as long as I keep getting paid, they can keep on seeing it."

I called her an unpretty name and tossed a thousand franc note on the cocktail table. "Eh bien, cheri," I said. "You are getting paid."

She smiled. Without a word she took off the V-necked blouse and reached up and behind her for the catch of the brassiere. She let it fall at her feet and stood there, still smiling at me, her arms lifted over her head, drawing her breasts up tautly, the white skin tight and stretched.

I took a step toward her but she stooped and with one blurring motion retrieved the brassiere and fastened it in place, then slipped the blouse over her head.

"What are you trying to prove?" I said.

"That it means nothing to me. Nothing at all. May I go home now, Toto?"

After she had gone, I sat up sipping another absinthe I did not need. I thought of the way that wonderful body moved on the big circular bed at Les Trois Pointes. I thought of the way it made love to the black sash. Those were not the passionate, frenzied movements of a frigid girl. I kept wondering what that black sash had that I lacked.

And the telephone rang.

It was Drouin. "Sorry if I woke you," he said, in a voice which told me he wasn't, really.

"I am up."

"Toto, please. I cannot sleep. Nothing. That girl. She's all I think about. How is the plan going?"

L'idiot! That creature would never have a chance, but I could not tell him this. My job, you know. So I told him that I had been recommending him highly to Rolande, which was true, and that she seemed ready for his attentions, which was not.

"Good work, Toto. If I succeed you shall receive a big increase in your salary."

When I hung up I was not worried about the increase. After Drouin had met his certain failure, I would be lucky to have a job at all.

Three days later, Drouin came into Les Trois Pointes with a big adhesive plaster on his balding head.

"What happened?" I asked, as if I did not know.

"Rolande," he said. He gritted his teeth, but his eyes looked wistful. "She is not human, Toto. I winned her and dined her. We went to my place. There was champagne. *Brut*, of course. I made advances and she was cold, but I kept trying. First she was just cold but when that didn't stop me, she gave a little sigh as though she were not angry, only irritated, perhaps, and smashed the champagne bottle over my head. She dressed the cut herself."

I was not surprised. I expected the details from Drouin. He was like that. He was at the age where he had to prove his manhood by conquest. Even the conquest was not enough. He had to talk about it.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

Drouin leered at me. "If at first you don't succeed—" he said, and let his voice trail off. I was gratified that he did not add, "By the way, Toto, you are dismissed." Evidently Rolande has mesmerized him out of his usual base instincts.

I looked at the plaster on his scalp and said, "Well, it is your head."

But I was thinking: it is not frigidity. It is something else. It is some kind of secret, like the myth about Achilles' heel. Find it and you have won, I told myself, for by now I desired her more than I have ever desired a woman, and I was free to pursue her for my own.

That night, before the performance, I wandered backstage toward Rolande's dressing room. All the other girls used a communal room, but Drouin had provided Rolande with a room of her own, with a black star on the door. Black, I thought. Like the sash.

I knocked on the door and heard her indifferent, "*Entrez*."

She was standing at her dressing table, wearing nothing. With a slim tube of lipstick she was reddening her lips. She smiled at me in the mirror, completely unembarrassed to be nude with a man in the room. She picked up some rouge

(Continued on page 74)

The girls, they got to do what I say,

'cause I can make out with any girl I want

by HAL ELLSON

THAT night the boys was having a little prayer meeting when I came by. I didn't have no mind for dice so I didn't get in on it. I just stood around.

About a half hour later Frenchy and Trig drove around with a car. We had something new. One of the boys got the keys to this place and we'd get a car out, put another license plate on it to make it look good. We was grabbing all our cars from that place now. We'd take them out of there and use them and bring them back and nobody ever knew the difference. It was safer and easier than grabbing a car off the street.

Soon as that car came around the prayer meeting broke up and we got in the car. We got a bottle and went riding. Usually we went for girls, but this time we just went riding.

After I got in a few drinks I got an idea and popped it. "You know what we ought to do?" I said. "We ought to get some girls working for us."

"Working how?" Frenchy said.

"Now how do you think I mean?"

"That's an idea," Trig said. "Get a bunch of girls working for us and we'll be kings."

"I ain't no pimp yet," Frenchy said. "I don't go for that business."

"It's better than working for a living," Jake said.

"But it takes money to get it started," Trig said. "How are you going to operate without money?"

"This operation is covered," I said. "I got it all thought out. You know that old boarded up house a block away from the corner? We can take that over and operate from there and it won't cost nothing. All we have to do is get the gals and that's just pie."

"Sounds like an idea," Trig said. "I'm for it. It beats working any time."

"Everybody for it?" I said.

Only Frenchy didn't answer. That left him out, but it didn't matter. "What about beds?" Trig said.

"I got that item covered too. We'll get mattresses. The hell with beds. We can bust into a store and get mattresses easy."

So riding around and drinking, we talked it over and made the plans. It was the biggest thing we ever did. We got to be like regular business men talking it over and discussing how much we could make, how many customers we could get, where to get them and all that. It was a big idea.

When we finished the juice we took the car back to the place where it was got and locked it in safe and put them license plates back on the other car that we took them from.

Next day we went to see that house we planned to take over. It's an old house that's been boarded up since I remember. Actually it ain't much worse off than the others around but nobody's lived in it in a long time.

Naturally it didn't take us long to get in and look it over.

We went through the cellar, just jacked a couple of boards off the door and moved in. It was kind of dirty inside and cobwebby and all that but that was nothing. The important thing was that we had plenty of room for business.

The first thing we did after we looked the place over was clean up. I made the boys do a good job. We just went and swept everything down the cellar. The best thing about the place was them boarded up windows. Nobody outside could see what's going on inside and that was an important item. The front door was boarded up but we wasn't figuring on using that anyhow. We intended to use the cellar entrance. We busted open the back cellar door too for emergency, just in case we had to leave fast.

Of course, there was the question of light 'cause it was darker than hell in that house and we meant to operate by night anyhow. But that was easy. We got candles and stuck them in empty bottles, but the place was still kind of empty and like to scare the customers.

We fixed that too. In the neighborhood there's a shop that sells junky furniture. We bought three chairs for fifty cents a piece and walked off with three more. Then one of the boys had a sofa his old lady is throwing to the garbage collector. We gathered that up and dragged it in and the place started looking kind of respectable.

Then I got a real great idea. I said: "Boys, I got something. Let's get some more chairs and get some tables and we'll sell

juice too. That will fatten the profits of this deal."

"That's a real idea," Trig said. "What we don't get from them one way, we'll get from them another way."

"Then it's done," I said. "Let's get them tables and chairs, boys."

We hustled and got more chairs and some tables. Nothing matched, but it looked kind of good when we set everything up and had those candles burning on the tables. It looked real ambitious. I had another idea but I didn't say nothing about that yet 'cause it was going to be my meat. I expected to sell charge sticks. I figured in a place like this I could ask for sixty-five cents a stick and get it. I figured to make a lot of gold.

Getting the juice was simple. We always did have ways and means of getting that stuff. So I sent some of the boys out to jack some juice. I sent just three boys. They went to this place and hung around for the truck to come to make a delivery. Soon as the man carried in stuff they snatched three cases cause he was stupid enough to leave the door of his truck unlocked.

Next I figured we could use some soda pop. We used the same trick we use when we get beer. Some of the boys waited on a street where they see a truck making a delivery. They put boxes at one end of the street and then stand in a doorway and wait. When the truck comes down the street the driver stops and gets out to move some of the boxes out of the

I'M NO KID



way. A couple of the cats run. The others help the driver move the boxes. Meantime two cats is standing in back of the truck. They get down several cases and just leave them there and wait until the truck moves away. Then the boys grab the cases and run. That's all there is to that.

We was about all set except for the mattresses and the girls, and the girls wasn't worrying us at all. The mattresses had to wait till night.

So we sat around and talked and had a little juice. There was the question of the price, the price of a drink and the price of jam. We argued about the drink price first. That was settled at fifteen cents a shot which was real cheap but, as I said, it was good bait. We could get the best customers real high and then charge as we saw fit for what the guests was really coming for. So we didn't fix no set price on the other. It would have been kind of stupid.

We left our pad then and met again when it got dark. One of the boys picked up a car from that place we have and we went scouting for mattresses. We found a place and got through the back door and lugged the mattresses over a fence and through a cellar. We got three mattresses. When we're just bringing them out of that cellar a man asks us what we think we're doing.

Well, I'm not carrying any mattresses. I'm standing by the car and when this guy talks I showed him a pistol and told him to move and he did move.

We got the mattresses into our pad and then we looked up the gals. We got a bunch of girls together, fourteen, in fact. They was sixteen to eighteen years. There was two for me. We started asking them questions then like: Do you want to sell it? They was shy at first. Finally they said, yeah.

So we were all set to operate. All we needed was customers and they'd be like flies on a dead horse.

Next night we opened up. The word had been passed around. Some of the women was late coming and we fanned their ass and told them to get early.

Men came from uptown, further. My cousin sent them so we let him in free. We sold drinks. I sold plenty of sticks and everything went fine. There was plenty of customers. It was all cash trade. We made much money that night.

After that everything went good for a while. We played it quiet at night. No rough customers' was allowed. There was no trouble. Day time was out for that kind of business. It was too dangerous.

Then one day I got up feeling bad. No reason but the way you do sometimes. I had a bad night. So that day I steered clear of everybody. Everything seemed screwed up. Then to get out of feeling like that I smoked some sticks later on near night.



"Helen, I had the strangest dream. Our eeeEEEEK!!!"

When I got to our pad that night I was half-gufooed.

Everybody was drinking in the barroom and the girls that wasn't occupied elsewhere was hugging boys. All except this new girl, this Sylvia. She's watching them and all of a sudden something goes through my mind and I went over to her and said: "Listen, baby, before the night's over I want to show you some pictures."

"Where's the pictures?" she said.

"Later," I said. Then I hit the beer. I felt dry and thirsty for beer that night which was crazy cause beer always gets me.

Later I got hold of Sylvia. I got a match and a candle and said: "I'm going to show you the pictures."

We went upstairs to a room. I kicked the door closed and she got scared then. "Why did you want to come then?" I asked.

"You said you had pictures," she said. "This is the first time I was here."

"Yeah, you know why I brought you here. I ain't gonna waste time explaining."

She drew away.

"You're a stacked chick and I'm a hot human," I said. "Let's go."

"I don't know," Sylvia said.

"You mean you're twenty-two, and you don't know?"

"Nobody ever tapped me."

"Where'd you learn that word?"

"It's like you teach me."

Electric went through me. I was just rubbery legs. I took off the a b c's and her stockings.

"Is that in the way?" she said.

"You might as well take that off too."

"What do you mean?"

"You ain't that dumb."

"I know I ain't that dumb."

I was sweating, swimming in that room. "Ready?" I said.

"No. Wait."

My cousin knocked on the door. "What you got?" he said.

I kicked the door shut.

"Ain't you going to share? We're cousins."

"Not tonight, cousin."

So I kicked off the candle and grabbed her. We was going to town.

My cousin comes in later. He lights a match and finds us, picks me up and gets set himself.

I went downstairs. I was nuts. That beer was in my veins. There was another girl. I snatched her. "Okay," she said. "you know you can get it any time you want, Duke."

"I know I can," I said.

I had one more drink, more charge.

Sylvia came down from upstairs. I'm mad and high. "Come here, you bald-headed witch!" I said. Then I slapped her.

She bitched me.

I was hollering then: "You love me or my cousin?"

"He's twenty. You're only a kid," she said.

I looked at him evil—and his men. Things was going around. I couldn't do nothing. They helped me outside. They left the door open. Everybody was high. You could smell it out in the street. A cop could sniff it and walk right in.

I didn't go home. I was in no condition. I slept with one of the girls at her house.

Next day I found out the place was still safe. I felt like a big business man. We were coining money. We were big time.

That Sylvia, she had no call to tell me I'm only a kid.

I'm big eighteen, I'm making more money all the time. I'm no kid.

and began to put on weight; six months passed without his having a hemorrhage; and on a sudden he saw the possibility that he might live. He had studied his disease carefully, and the hope dawned upon him that with great care he might arrest its course. It exhilarated him to look forward once more to the future. He made plans. It was evident that any active life was out of the question, but he could live on the islands, and the small income he had, insufficient elsewhere, would be ample to keep him. He could grow coconuts; that would give him an occupation; and he would send for his books and a piano; but his quick mind saw that in all this he was merely trying to conceal from himself the desire which obsessed him.

He wanted Sally. He loved not only her beauty, but that dim soul which he divined behind her suffering eyes. He would intoxicate her with his passion. In the end he would make her forget. And in ecstasy of surrender he fancied himself giving her too the happiness which he had thought never to know again, but had now so miraculously achieved.

He asked her to live with him. She refused. He had expected that and did not let it depress him, for he was sure that sooner or later she would yield. His love was irresistible. He told the old woman of his wishes, and found somewhat to his surprise that she and the neighbors, long aware of them, were strongly urging Sally to accept his offer. After all, every native was glad to keep house for a white man, and Neilson, according to the standards of the island, was a rich one. The trader with whom he boarded went to her and told her not to be a fool; such an opportunity would not come again, and after so long she could not still believe that Red would ever return. The girl's resistance only increased Neilson's desire, and what had been a very pure love now became an agonizing passion. He was determined that nothing should stand in his way. He gave Sally no peace. At last, worn out by his persistence and the persuasions, by turns pleading and angry, of everyone around her, she consented. But the day after when, exultant, he went to see her he found that in the night she had burnt down the hut in which she and Red had lived together. The old crone ran towards him full of angry abuse of Sally, but he waved her aside; it did not matter; they would build a bungalow on the place where the hut had stood. A European house would really be more convenient if he wanted to bring out a piano and a vast number of books.

And so the little wooden house was built in which he had now lived for many years, and Sally became his wife. But after the first few weeks of rapture, during which he was satisfied with what she gave him, he had known little happiness. She had yielded to him, through weariness, but she had only yielded what she set no store on. The soul which he had dimly glimpsed escaped him. He knew that she cared nothing for him. She still loved Red, and all the time she was waiting for his return. At a sign from him, Neilson knew that, notwithstanding his love, his tenderness, his sympathy, his generosity, she would leave him without a moment's hesitation. She would never give a thought to his distress. Anguish seized him and he battered at that impenetrable self of hers which sullenly resisted him. His love became bitter. He tried to melt her heart with kindness, but it remained as hard as before; he feigned indifference, but she did not notice it. Sometimes he lost his temper and abused her, and then she wept silently. Sometimes he thought she was nothing but a fraud, and that soul simply an invention

of his own, and that he could not get into the sanctuary of her heart because there was no sanctuary there. His love became a prison from which he longed to escape, but he had not the strength merely to open the door—that was all it needed—and walk into the open air. It was torture and at last he became numb and hopeless. In the end the fire burnt itself out and, when he saw her eyes rest for an instant on the slender bridge, it was no longer rage that filled his heart but impatience. For many years now they had lived together bound by the ties of habit and convenience, and it was with a smile that he looked back on his old passion. She was an old woman, for the women on the islands age quickly, and if he had no love for her any more he had tolerance. She left him alone. He was contented with his piano and his books.

His thoughts led him to a desire for words.

"When I look back now and reflect on that brief passionate love of Red and Sally, I think that perhaps they should thank the ruthless fate that separated them when their love seemed still to be at its height. They suffered, but they suffered in beauty. They were spared the real tragedy of love."

"I don't know exactly as I get you," said the skipper.

"The tragedy of love is not death or separation. How long do you think it would have been before one or other of them ceased to care? Oh, it is dreadfully bitter to look at a woman whom you have loved with all your heart and soul so that you felt you could not bear to let her out of your sight, and realize that you would not mind if you never saw her again. The tragedy of love is indifference."

But while he was speaking a very extraordinary thing happened. Though he had been addressing the skipper he had not been talking to him, he had been putting his thoughts into words for himself, and with his eyes fixed on the man in front of him he had not seen him. But now an image presented itself to them, an image not of the man he saw, but of another man. It was as though he were looking into one of those distorting mirrors that make you extraordinarily squat or outrageously elongate, but here exactly the opposite took place, and in the obese, ugly old man he caught the shadowy glimpse of a stripling. He gave him now a quick, searching scrutiny. Why had a haphazard stroll brought him just to this place? A sudden tremor of his heart made him slightly breathless. An absurd suspicion seized him. What had occurred to him was impossible and yet it might be a fact.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

The skipper's face puckered and he gave a cunning chuckle. He looked then malicious and horribly vulgar.

"It's such a damned long time since I heard it that I almost forget it myself. But for thirty years now in the islands they've always called me Red."

His huge form shook as he gave a low, almost silent laugh. It was obscene. Neilson shuddered. Red was hugely amused, and from his bloodshot eyes tears ran down his cheeks.

Neilson gave a gasp, for at that moment a woman came in. She was a native, a woman of somewhat commanding presence, stout without being corpulent, dark, for the natives grow darker with age, with very grey hair. She wore a black Mother Hubbard, and its thinness showed her heavy breasts. The moment had come.

She made an observation to Neilson about some household matter and he answered. He wondered if his voice sounded as unnatural to her as it did to himself. She gave the man who was sitting in the chair by the window an indifferent

(Continued on page 72)



bed time stories

He didn't drink or smoke or swear.
His girl friends were not bad.
Nor did he live a century,
He only felt he had.

The two young men were discussing the usual subject—girls.

"I am looking for a girl who does not drink; does not smoke, swear, or have any bad habits," commented the first swain.

"And when you find her," queried the second, "what in the hell are you going to do with her?"

The expression "Lover's Leap" has effectively been described as the distance between twin beds . . .

Three notices appearing in a small rural newspaper give their own story:

April 10th.

"For Sale: Practically new farm wench in excellent condition. Call 724-R-2, Mr. A. Bowden."

April 15th.

"Correction: Due to an unfortunate error, Mr. Bowden's ad last week was not clear. He has an excellent *winch* for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who have been calling Mr. Bowden and greatly upsetting his housekeeper, Mrs. Smith, who loves with him."

April 20th.

"NOTICE! My w-i-n-c-h is not for sale! I put a sledgehammer to it. Don't bother calling 724-R-2, as I have had the phone taken out. I am *not* carrying on with my housekeeper, Mrs. Smith, she merely l-i-v-e-s here. Signed: A. Bowden."

Little Jane's mother had just completed a very serious and stern lecture on the subject of proper decorum of young ladies and how not to act and what not to do, in order to be a perfect lady.

"Now tell me, dear," she concluded in a kindly tone, "where do bad little girls go?"

Little Jane smiled winsomely, "Everywhere."

In addition to providing us with three months of wholesome sport, the football season has many other little advantages. For instance, that is the only time of the year when a man can walk down the street with a blond on one arm—a blanket on the other—without encountering raised eyebrows and critical stares.

A Chicago banking house once asked a Boston investment firm for a letter of recommendation about a young Bostonian they were considering employing. The investment concern could not say enough for the young man. His father, they wrote, was a Cabot, his mother a Lowell; further back his background was a happy blend of Saltonstalls, Appletons, Peabodys, and others of Boston's First Families. The recommendation was given without hesitation.

Several days later a curt acknowledgment was sent from Chicago stating that the material supplied was altogether inadequate. "We are not," the letter declared, "contemplating using the young man for breeding purposes—just for work!"

The commuter had missed the next to last train for his far suburb. There wouldn't be another for three hours. As he stood cursing at the gate, a lovely brunette appeared at his side. "So you've missed your train? I have an apartment nearby. There's a bottle of Scotch, a steak in the refrigerator, and a fire in the hearth. Care to join me while you wait?" Temptation outpointed suspicion and he went along. To his surprise, there was no catch. The whiskey was of the finest, the fire cheerful, and the food delicious. He dallied so long over the subsequent entertainments that he missed the last train, and finally straggled home via milk train and taxicab early in the morning.

His wife was waiting for him peevishly and demanded an explanation.

"Well, I missed the regular train," the man began, and deciding not to lie, went on: "There was a good-looking brunette who invited me to her apartment." He finished without missing a detail.

"All right," his wife said resignedly. "Where did you play poker and how much did you lose?"

He had sworn to be a bachelor;
She had sworn to be a bride,
I guess you know the answer,
She had nature on her side.

One of the National surveys, conducting a confidential Kinsey-type research, recently sent out forms to the graduates of several colleges, from lists supplied by the schools. It was stressed that the information would be used for research *only* and would be treated as highly confidential material.

One Alumnus returned his form with a marginal comment:

"In my opinion, sex is a subject to be discussed with women—not with an International Business Machine!"

For every man over eighty-five there are seven women, but by then it's too late.

A man came home one evening raving about his new secretary. She was efficient and smart, besides being shapely and good-looking. "She's a real doll," he elated.

His little six-year-old daughter, overhearing the conversation, spoke up, "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down, daddy?"

"Where are you going with that hammer and chisel?"

"To fix my wife's drawers."

"Don't tell me they're wooden."

Most girls don't mind if a man loves her and leaves her—provided he leaves her enough.

"I drove out to Zeb's and Mary's the other day. Zeb was sittin' in the yard as usual, smokin' away and watchin' the antics of a yardful of children, chickens and dogs. Naturally I asked him how he was getting along."

"Fine, I'm just sittin' here accumulatin'."

"How's that?"

"Well, my bees are swarmin', the hens are sitting, cows are havin' calves, mares are having colts, that old white sow's got a fine litter of pigs, that old yellow bitch dog of mine just had nine pups, and hell, you know Mary . . ."

"Madam," said the man on the crowded bus, "you're standing on my foot."

"Then why don't you put your foot where it belongs, stupid?"

"Don't tempt me, madam."

Cab driver: "Hey, buddy, you want me to take the next turn?"

Passenger: "Hell no, this is my wife."

In a little town in Mexico, Pedro was sipping his beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in: "Pedro!" he shouted. "I just saw a man go into your house and start making love to your wife!"

"Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer. "Was he a tall man?"

"Si, si!" verified his friend.

"Don't get excited," cautioned Pedro.

"Did he have on a brown suit?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did he have a big mustache?"

"Si, si, that is the man!"

"Oh, that Manuel. He mak' love to anybody!"

Teacher: "Children, I want all of you to take a cold bath every morning. It will make you feel rosy all over. Now is there anything else I can tell you?"

Boy in the back room, "Yes, Ma'am. Tell us some more about Rosie."

The man was so excited when told his wife had given birth to triplets, he dashed into the delivery room. The head nurse intercepting him before he had gotten far, remonstrated, "The idea of your barging in here when you know it's against the rules of the hospital. Don't you know your clothes are full of germs? Why, my dear man, do you think you are sterile!"

The man gave her a withering look and growled, "Madam, I couldn't possibly think I was sterile."

When the plane conked out over the ocean. Tom got separated from the rest of the crew and found himself on an uninhabited island. The spot had everything. Fruit, fresh water, beautiful beaches, and shelter. For months Tom thought the life was ideal. No complications. No pressure. But after a time he felt an acute lack of female companionship. There was another island far out on the horizon. To get to it, Tom built a crude outrigger and set sail. Arriving there he found the rest of the crew members, comfortably settled on an island not unlike his own. "It's nice," Tom said, "but what do you do for girls?" One of them explained that on the other side of the hill was a herd of goats. "The females are really quite friendly," he added.

Not for me, Tom swore, and sailed back to his island. One night a couple of months later he woke from a troubled sleep, thinking . . . Goats? Well, maybe a nice little one might be fun to have around the place. It was terribly lonely. That day he sailed back to the other island where his friends took him to the top of the hill and pointed out the herd below. They all looked pretty much alike to Tom, as he walked among them, finally picking out a frisky one with soft brown eyes. As he led her up the hill he found his friends roaring with laughter and pounding each other's backs.

Fighting back his embarrassment, Tom demanded to know what was so funny.

"A whole herd of goats," whooped one of his friends. "And you had to pick the ugliest."

The young man was obviously fascinated by the strapless evening gown worn by his well proportioned date.

"What holds that gown up?" he finally asked.

"Gravity," was the immediate reply.

"Gravity?" he queried.

"Yes," she responded. "The gravity of what would happen if it should fall!"



"Miss Todd! Gladys! May I call you Gladys?"

Love, like a bird,
hath perched upon a spray
For thee and me
to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets
to fly away;
But hush! . . . remind not
Eros of his wings.

Sir William Watson

Photograph by Zoltan Glass



THE INNOCENT

(Continued from page 27)

and slip it into a hole, and sooner or later I was sure she would put in her fingers and find the message. I wondered what the message could have been. One wasn't able to express much. I thought, in those days; but because the expression was inadequate, it didn't mean that the pain was shallower than what one sometimes suffered now. I remembered how for days I had felt in the hole and always found the message there. Then the dancing lessons stopped. Probably by the next winter I had forgotten.

As I went out the gate, I looked to see if the hole existed. It was there. I put in my finger, and, in its safe shelter from the seasons and the years, the scrap of paper rested yet. I pulled it out and opened it. Then I struck a match, a tiny glow of heat in the mist and dark. It was a shock to see by its diminutive flame a picture of crude obscenity. There could be no mistake; there were my initials below the childish, inaccurate sketch of a man and woman. But it woke fewer memories than the fume of breath, the linen bags, a damp leaf, or the pile of sand. I didn't recognize it; it might have been drawn by a dirty-minded stranger on a lavatory wall. All I could remember was the purity, the intensity, the pain of that passion.

I felt at first as if I had been betrayed. "After all," I told myself, "Lola's not so much out of place here." But later that night, when Lola turned away from me and fell asleep, I began to realize the deep innocence of that drawing. I had believed I was drawing something with a meaning unique and beautiful; it was only now after thirty years of life that the picture seemed obscene.

THE REMNANTS OF THE CODE

(Continued from page 52)

"Not a *centavo*," said Goodwin, firmly, "until you are on board the *Ariel*. You would be drunk in thirty minutes if you had money now."

But he noticed the blood-streaked eyeballs, the relaxed form, and the shaking hands of Beelzebub; and he stepped into the dining room through the low window, and brought out a glass and a decanter of brandy.

"Take a bracer, anyway, before you go," he proposed, as a man to the friend whom he entertains.

Beelzebub Blythe's eyes glistened at the sight of the solace for which his soul burned. Today for the first time his poisoned nerves had been denied their steadying dose; and their retort was a mounting torment. He grasped the decanter and rattled its crystal mouth against the glass in his trembling hand. He filled the glass, and then stood erect, holding it aloft for an instant. For one fleeting moment he held his head above the drowning waves of his abyss. He nodded easily at Goodwin, raised his brimming glass and murmured a "health" that men had used in his ancient Paradise Lost. And then, so suddenly that he spilled the brandy over his hand, he set down his glass, untasted.

"In two hours," his dry lips muttered to Goodwin, as he marched down the steps and turned his face toward the town.

In the edge of the cool banana grove Beelzebub halted, and snapped the tongue of his belt buckle into another hole.

"I couldn't do it," he explained feverishly to the waving banana frouds. "I wanted to, but I couldn't. A gentleman can't drink with the man he blackmails."

RED

(Continued from page 67)

glance, and went out of the room. The moment had come and gone.

Neilson for a moment could not speak. He was strangely shaken. Then he said:

"I'd be very glad if you'd stay and have a bit of dinner with me. Pot luck."

"I don't think I will," said Red. "I must go after this fellow Gray. I'll give him his stuff and then I'll get away. I want to be back in Apia tomorrow."

"I'll send a boy along with you to show you the way."

"That'll be fine."

Red heaved himself out of his chair, while the Swede called one of the boys who worked on the plantation. He told him where the skipper wanted to go, and the boy stepped along the bridge. Red prepared to follow him.

"Don't fall in," said Neilson.

"Not on your life."

Neilson watched him make his way across and when he had disappeared among the coconuts he looked still. Then he sank heavily in his chair. Was that the man who had prevented him from being happy? Was that the man whom Sally had loved all these years and for whom she had waited so desperately? It was grotesque. A sudden fury seized him so that he had an instinct to spring up and smash everything around him. He had been cheated. They had seen each other at last and had not known it. He began to laugh, mirthlessly, and his laughter grew till it became hysterical. The Gods had played him a cruel trick. And he was old now.

At last Sally came in to tell him dinner was ready. He sat down in front of her and tried to eat. He wondered what she would say if he told her now that the fat old man sitting in the chair was the lover whom she remembered still with the passionate abandonment of her youth. Years ago, when he hated her because she made him so unhappy, he would have been glad to tell her. He wanted to hurt her then as she hurt him, because his hatred was only love. But now he did not care. He shrugged his shoulders listlessly.

"What did that man want?" she asked presently.

He did not answer at once. She was old too, a fat old native woman. He wondered why he had ever loved her so madly. He had laid at her feet all the treasures of his soul and she had cared nothing for them. Waste, what waste! And now, when he looked at her, he felt only contempt. His patience was at last exhausted. He answered her question.

"He's the captain of a schooner. He's come from Apia."

"Yes."

"He brought me news from home. My eldest brother is very ill and I must go back."

"Will you be gone long?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

■ ■ ■



Always unpredictable, Tallulah Bankhead has been known to introduce devastating ad libs into plays in which she was starring. One Christmas week she was playing *Private Lives* in Birmingham, Alabama, practically her home town. In the midst of the amorous second act, while she and Donald Cook were lounging on a couch, she suddenly exclaimed: "Get away from me, you Damyanteel!"

And reaching into her bosom she hauled out a tiny Confederate flag -- which she proceeded to wave enthusiastically.

The audience shook the theater to its foundation.

efforts as O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," early issues of Mencken's hearty American

At this writing, less than two weeks after the first issue of NUGGET reached the stands, there is not a copy available in the country, save for our dwindling office supply. Even that is so scant that we keep our remaining copies hidden in drawers and under stacks of manuscript to discourage visitors from helping themselves.

The demands for subscriptions, too, have wildly exceeded our expectations and our office staff is scrambling to keep up. They are coming in from almost every city, town, and state in the Union, even from the air—this latter from a man on a plane who didn't have a copy of his own but kibitzed on his seat partner's just long enough to know it was what he wanted and to jot down our address.

It is gratifying to learn from friends that they have heard NUGGET talked about in Sbor's in New York, Romanoff's on the Coast, the Athletic Club in Detroit, old Bookbinders in Philadelphia, and scores of other places, including clubs, offices, and college campuses from New Haven to Berkeley.

For all this—our thanks. Thank you for buying out the issue. Thank you for the snowstorm of subscriptions. And thank you for the encouraging talk. Never before, we are informed by the men in the trade, has the first issue of a magazine created such enthusiastic comment or spontaneously won so many friends.

We are sorry, though, to report that in one state, Massachusetts, copies were unavailable, not because of their popularity, but because the sale of NUGGET was banned. In a sense it is not unpleasant to find our name on the bottom of a motley list of contributions to American arts, letters, and amusements that include such distinguished

Mercury, and others, the value of which the Boston censors were at first unable to appreciate. But we regret that the pleasures of reading NUGGET should have been even temporarily denied our thousands of future friends and readers in the Bay State. Even more we regret that the people who arrogated to themselves the decision to declare and enforce the ban did not take time to read the magazine, understand it, and acknowledge its healthy function.

More significant, we think, than local banning was your flood of encouraging comments and suggestions. All of them are being carefully considered and we hope you will keep them coming. For this is your magazine, and, as the months pass and we come to know each other better, many of our best and brightest features will no doubt be the results of your ideas and constructive criticism, and reflections of your personal tastes.

As you have gathered from the first (and this) issue, we aim to publish a magazine dedicated to entertainment and the joys of life, regardless of tabus and hypocrisies. NUGGET is new, new in concept, new in design, and new in its approach to matters that magazines have heretofore treated with simpering delicacy, crude snickers, or a vulgar banality that are travesties on the sometimes beautiful, sometimes funny, sometimes sad, sometimes touching, but eternally interesting relations between men and women. Within those extremes, and closer to reality, there was, we felt sure, room for a fresh point of view—casual, candid, natural, and entertaining. We are glad that you agree.

Idol." Was it taken at night or something?

Harrison Laddner
Princeton, N.J.

(Ed. note: Sorry, our mistake. What you saw was a negative print, not a night photograph. As penance for our nonconformity in the use of photography we submit the positive below and we hope it will throw some light on the subject.)



that our local wholesale dealer, after opening a bundle and looking over the contents of your magazine with his attorney, decided it would be too risky to distribute them at this time to his retail outlets. We have quite a number of blue-noses here in Stalag Wichita right now.

S. S.
Wichita, Kansas

What did we like? . . . Yes, friend wife also chuckled her way through . . . Everything!

Robert A. Wolf
Los Angeles, Calif.

I would like to offer my small bit of congratulations to the staff of this publication for having enough "guts" to put out a national magazine of this type. I think your stories are very realistic and entertaining and in your future issues I hope that you will continue with this type of fiction. In fact, I hope all future issues will be along the same lines as your first. Your magazine may run into trouble caused by certain characters, which we, unfortunately, have in our society who try to impose censorship and tell people what to read . . . but . . . I want to wish the best of luck to NUGGET Magazine.

Stanley Morris
Scottsdale, Pa.

. . . that photo of Rodin's "Eternal

letters from the readers

Head Prospector

You really struck pay dirt this time, Dad. It's wonderful how you handle the same "subject" as a dozen other magazines and come up different and better.

T. C. Mits
New York City

In my estimation it is the finest entertainment magazine published and I know many of my friends here at Kenyon agree with me. If your first issue is any example of what is to be printed in the future, you will have one of the most popular magazines in the country.

George Rambeau
Gambier, Ohio

Let me congratulate you on your first issue of NUGGET. It is a wonderful publication for men. Just keep up the good work and don't fall down like so many men's magazines have done before you.

Robert L. Shirley
Roswell, New Mexico

Please inform me if it is possible to order four copies of the new magazine NUGGET from you. I just found out

ROLANDE AND THE BLACK SASH

(Continued from page 63)

and began to apply it to the tip of one of her lush breasts. My eyes must have been bulging, for she smiled and said: "Never give up, do you?"

I shrugged, but I felt like taking her by force.

She laughed a sly laugh. "Come here," she said. "If I prove to you it is hopeless, will you forget about me?"

I did not answer. She handed me the rouge. "Do the other one," she said.

I took a breath. My hand, believe it or not, gentlemen, was steady. It surprised even me. I scooped a little rouge on the second and third fingers of my right hand. Her eyes were smiling at me. I came up close and cupped the pale breast in my left hand and gently rubbed on the rouge. I looked at her eyes, waiting for anything, for the slightest flicker of desire. But her smile was of ice.

I dropped the rouge on the dressing table and walked sadly toward the door. Behind me Rolande's laughter was like a knife in the back of my pride. At the door I turned, and there, suddenly, was the answer.

She had picked up the black sash, and was looking at it strangely. Her eyes were misty. They had that look lovers find in each other's eyes. When she saw me watching her, she swept the sash behind her. I came back into the room.

"Give it to me," I said.

"No, Toto. Please. Keep away from me. Go away."

"Give me the sash," I said.

She brought her right hand out from behind her. It was

empty. She placed it against my chest and pushed roughly.

"I was looking for the secret," I said, "and it was there all the time, in front of everybody. You really make love to the sash, don't you?" There was no need for an answer. I knew I was right. We all know cases of fetish. The man, for example, who learned his facts of life from a maid who always wore shoes with high heels. All his life, he is attracted by shoes with high heels. Any girl who wears them is the right girl for him. That's the way it was with Rolande and the black sash. I walked up to her.

"Toto, Toto, please . . ."

At first she struggled; but I grabbed the sash and wrapped it around my chest and made it fast. She watched me with eyes that were suddenly far from cold.

"And the rest, messieurs, I leave to your very capable imaginations," Toto finished. Our glasses were empty of pernod, but our minds were full of blissful visions, so persuasively had Toto told his tale. For several moments there was silence around the back table at Les Eglantines. At last one of the boulevardiers cleared his throat and spoke. "An absorbing story, Toto, and one that I would have sworn could not have had a happy ending."

"It doesn't," Toto said. "Freed from her slavery to the sash, Rolande went on to live a happy but uneventful life. But she could never again perform. It was great loss to the world of entertainment."



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SO LONG

but not Good Bye waves Diana Dors with a farewell flick of her skirt. Diana's the lass they're talking about as England's challenge to Marilyn Monroe. She will be back in an early issue—when we'll see more of her than we see here—along with

an alluring new NUGGET cover girl,

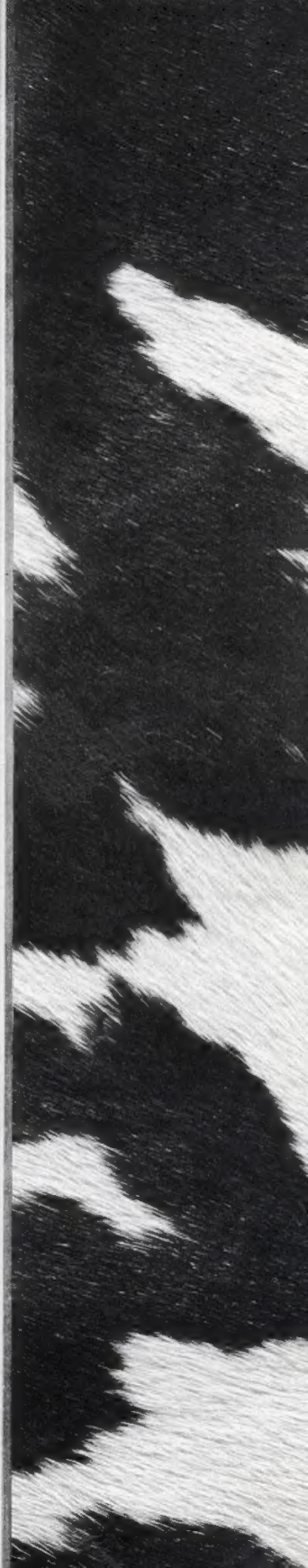
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